

THE ROCK OF ARRANMORE  
O'NEILL

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# The Rock of Arranmore

*A Narrative Dramatic Poem in  
Three Scenes With Introduction.*

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By JOHN O'NEILL.

THE ROCK OF ARRANMORE

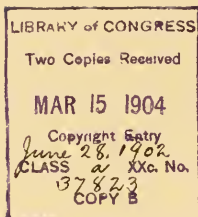
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IN THREE ACTS.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

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The approaching conflict at the Yellow Ford, near the river Blackwater in Armagh, August the tenth, 1598, between the nation of the Gael under Fardora's son, the Prince of Ulad, on the one side, and the European veteran armies of Queen Elizabeth on the other, is brought before the judgment of heaven.

A commission is given to the patron or guardian saint of both nations to go forth and award the coming victory; founding their decision on the results thereof to future generations, which are to be foreshown to them in vision. On such conditions, the victory is regarded as already passed, and won by Queen Eire, (*pronounced Era*) and the trial begins. The celestial court is held on the double star in the constellation Cygnus, which forms a cross in the northern sky.

Action of the drama: the finding of judgment on the future events of one hundred and forty-seven years, from Yellow Ford to Fontenoy.

Time of the action: the same as taken in the recital, about two hours; but to the celestial spirits, one moment only.

Place: Dun Angus on the rock in the Isle of Arranmore.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

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Queen Eire (*pronounced Era*) representing the nation of the Gael.

Her sister Fohla, the goddess of wisdom, her counsellor.

Her sister Banba, goddess of the Island of Inisfail and agriculture.

The Tribemonster, representing the evil of the tribe system, spearman to the Queen.

Mac Alpruin, Guardian Saint of Erin.

Saint George, the Cappadocian Youth, Guardian Saint of Albion.

Crom Cruah, a demon of Satan.

## INTRODUCTION.

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There is a cross in heaven, and at its foot,  
Where, of the dying God the feet might bleed,  
'Twixt Altair and th' enspher'd Orphean lute;  
There burns a star, which to the sage's ken,  
Sheweth twin lights, in single orbs apart,  
One emerald, and one siderial gold,  
Upon the Milky Way, ere galaxy  
Its widening track displays. Thither repair  
Celestial regents crown'd, their court supreme  
To hold, and in foresighted vision doom  
Impending battle and Queen Eire's lot  
At Yellow Ford; if by defeat deprav'd,  
A Herod she must serve, and to his likeness  
Resemble her great soul; or right with wrong  
Conflicting, she asserts to all the world  
True human liberty: a plea to heaven  
Itself, for suffrage; all Beatitudes,  
Whom Gael or Saxon e'er invok'd or hymn'd  
With cloister psalmody in jewell'd shrines.  
Nor marvel that the Saxon dames begat  
Worthies of heaven; for well the olden time

Attesteth, ere their carnal ancestry  
Supernal sold for earthly, and forsook  
The cross for Mammon, whence inhuman crimes,  
Which on man's chastisement impos'd sevenfold  
Sin's penalty; and laid on righteous necks  
Burdens, the proof of mighty constancy.  
But when the seed of the apostate king,  
Elizabeth, declar'd the Christ, her foe,  
With bonds and death, weening to grasp and hold  
Fair Banba's fruitful plains, and drive at will  
The landless Gael; she never dreamt in sleep,  
The warrior's way of serving on His side.

Now in God's vision sit, of Eire's fate,  
Umpires, the canoniz'd of two fam'd Isles,  
Who school'd the fathers of the Gael and Gall;\*  
These take the golden, those, the emerald star,  
That Calpruin's son to eyes immortal shew  
The days unborn; of all that spirit host,  
Ablest to vision forth the trials vast,  
Of the great fold he gather'd and conclude  
Victor or vanquish'd, by the suffrage free  
Of arbitrating heaven: whether the debt,

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\*The Saxon or English.

Human transgression owes, were surer paid  
(The fratricidal blood, too often spilt)  
By purgatorial pains, on earth endur'd  
Ages of tribulation, mid the wrongs  
Quick spir'ts abhor; or victory alli'd  
To faith, outlaw'd and militant, were due,  
To nerve with will twofold, a great resolve,  
That spurns the tyrant and subverts his ways,  
In the long struggle, lest it perish whole.

Then would the Just, ere bidding time they search,  
Foregone conclude, as late in heaven propos'd,  
Blackwater's coming strife: Fardora's son  
The victor with the tribal force he leagu'd,  
Their penance due a little while to wait;  
But judgment stay, till of that boon preferr'd,  
The sequel in the distant years they find:  
Which like infers what equal justice claims,  
If to the Saxon cause, good works redound.

Then searching through the maze of Universe,  
Earth's distant orb they find; there little trace  
Of Eden; save as guardians nearer set  
Upon the airy fringe of the great globe,  
Two cherubs in the Eve and Morn appear.

'Tween these the earth revolves, her nights and days,  
Her climes and seasons four; but they unmov'd,  
O'er fields of light, their watch incessant keep,  
Their mystic shapes in priestly purple stol'd,  
And wing'd like angels in cathedral hues  
That lume the solemn chancel. In like mood,  
And floating eastward, Eire's Isle, their search,  
Leaving the western ocean in night's shade,  
Attended by the morning star, appears.  
In size, her disk, a satellite might seem,  
E'en the chaste moon of the great continent  
She follow'd from the deep; and shines to view,  
A beauty austere; a stern recluse or sphere  
Where gods might dwell, to which, the world's approach  
Were a defilement: save what lingering smiles,  
Under her veil of flitting clouds, disclose  
A land of verdurous life, where all the blooms  
That earth with heaven compare, so native breathe  
Their perfumes on her greens. There Aina first,  
Her fairy world began, with vivid scenes \*  
To mortals bless'd; all beauty's naked forms,  
Life size or puny, as they list, but chaste;

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\* The Moon.

Vindictive to unfavour'd eyes, that dare  
With looks profane; if by the sportive brook,  
Or spell-bound ruin, revelry they keep,  
Or on the pastures of green-sided hills,  
Sacred to Aina, which the Lordly sun  
Hath never scar'd: his seasons duly care  
Her lymph creation, wheresoe'er their court,  
Wrought of her beams on limber stalks, they keep,  
And spread the feast, and blandish haughty lips  
With filter'd julep from a golden cup,  
Fresh pluck'd and fragrant for their fairy Queen.

But hark the skylark chanting to the dawn!  
The sun of all the nations, from bright dreams  
Awakes; and mounting, hails the world with hope.  
Before his car, the kingdom of his eye  
Salutes the hills in friendship, and beneath,  
Glosses the cheek of lake and river fam'd,  
Dispels the mist, and gives the flowers to smile;  
Earth's purest offspring, whose pale innocence  
The twinkle of his beam first taught to blush.  
But when from ocean's brow he scans the shore,  
In meditation of his length of days,  
At Eire's feet he lingers, to recall

With hope the happy memories of her reign:  
How oft in years he hail'd the Holy Isle,  
Whose wisdom honour'd his inferior ray,  
To spread her glory's fame, and hither light  
The nations, for their lore. How hard to think,  
Such loveliness should ever bosom grief!  
Life's font so bless'd beget a world of tears!

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# The Rock of Arranmore.

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## SCENE I.

The forthcoming victory at the Yellow Ford, being conditionally assumed as foregone, its first sequence, after a second victory on Seaghais' Hills, presented to the celestial courts, is the judgment of heaven upon the Gael, in the overthrow at Cremna, for the crimes of the Tribemonster. Eire with her bleeding breast, fallen into a deadly swoon, unseen and unheard of, seems lost forever. Arising after forty-eight years, she wanders to the Isle of Arranmore, where she revives Banba, whom she finds expiring in the agony of grief. Banba recounts to her the afflictions of her people since her defeat at Cremna. Eire, abandoned to the tale of horror, cries aloud to all the nations. Cromwell's descent on Banba. Her despondency. The ancient oracles are dumb. Eire sends her forth to consult the Christian shrines. Saint George, before the heavenly Powers, reflects upon the scene.

At Eire's wounds, now spirits that once had hearts,  
Alien or friends on earth, behold, they mourn!  
And in their courts on high, their judgment blend  
With interceding looks and human sighs,

Thus in the Golden and the Emerald stars :

“O Victory ! Why gleams thy haughty brow  
So godlike, 'neath thy earthly diadem ?  
Why, on the wings of eagles that grow young,  
Claim'st thou thy high pavilion ? Why proud kings  
Adore thee, and ambition ever mounts  
Thy steed, behind thee on the rubi'd track  
Of glory's desolation ? Thou dost sow  
The conquerors ; but on thy soil their fruit  
Is not perennial ; for their empires long  
Are sepulcher'd, or thralldom on their necks  
Insults the memory of thy gory feasts,  
And the noon sweats they bore to sup with thee.  
But thou art well descended, laurell'd Maid !  
Discern thee who thou art ; go teach the brave  
Which world to conquer : only a little while  
Earth's glory spurns the dust, and day is done.

“Aghast, she swoons, pierc'd in the mother's breast,  
The nurse of saints and heroes : Oh ! her wide,  
Far wanderings ! the world's cold charity  
To house, and many a slanderous tongue to mock,  
Her nakedness ! Alas ! who now shall care  
Thy vineyard in the fruitage, Godly son

Of Calpruin! or forefend the winter blights?"

'Twas thus the golden and the emerald spheres,

As with one voice, sidereal music hymn'd;

Which thus, alone, the golden choir prolongs:

    "Vain glory pass'd, to higher glory call'd;

He visit' th them. How dark the sudden change

Ere light! O change, how seeming merciless!

God's retribution on Gadelas' sons,

The judgment of the fratricidal race,

From distant ages of remorseless guilt

So long delay'd, hath fall'n. Denounc'd they stand;

Who otherwise, in filial faith so meek,

And household worship to the Temple's Lord,

Their Father, early known and late rever'd,

Had fed the nations and God's table serv'd,

To fill the vacant thrones of Satan's fall

With human Seraphs; who, despite the flesh,

Replac'd essential spirits there that sate,

And their 'lost crowns put on. O Heaven! be Thou

Her staff and guide! and give to Eire's strife

The vict'ry of the spirit; whose tear floods

Outdeluge human woe!" Thus mourn'd the just:

But Calpruin's godly son, before the throne,

Mindful of Eire's trials, long and harsh,  
On knees of adoration, with the Angel  
Of the Great Council, silently commun'd  
On grace and fortitude; and for the fold  
And vineyard of his toil, a father's tears,  
The dews of mercy, suppliant fill'd his eyes.  
For now the landless Gael, dispersion guides;  
And Scythian fates, that led great Miled's sons  
To Inisfail, spir'ts, which good or ill,  
Follow a noble race, lament aloud  
By the round tower at eve, by Druid cirque,  
By Rath and Brugh, and hero's lofty Cairn  
And holy Shee, the venerable years;  
Long memories, thick-cluster'd with the days  
Of past nobility and fancy's lore,  
Shaded for ever: nature mourns the jar,  
Her first created harmonies impair'd.  
Then guardian rivers' <sup>(1)</sup> foaming mouths gan roar:  
Tonn Clinda on the Southern coast; to North,  
Tonn Tuaithe, and East, Tonn Rury's waves,  
Their direful larum bellow from the deep,  
And war shouts, like encountering armies raise;  
And the high mountains, on their darken'd tops,

Moan in dull thunder, that the bardic Gael  
They nurs'd from memory's birth, are passing now;  
And in the funeral knell, they fear their own  
And time's decrepitude. There stood an isle <sup>(2)</sup>  
Most sacred held, far in the Western foam  
Of Lir's \* dominion, long the mystic seat  
Of adoration, where this day, is found  
The cyclopean ruins and the dust,  
Left by the wanderers of the early world:  
A place of fate and tombs. Thither repair'd  
The Firbolg in defeat, and rais'd high piles,  
Dun Angus and Ochaill, when later gods  
Had spurn'd his altars; where in after years,  
Bless'd Enda brought the cincture and the psalm,  
And built where once the eremite had found  
A burial site, and still the bones repose  
Mid billowy strife and misty flaws, that waft  
The sea fowl and the cloud. There on a cliff,  
Imperious o'er the main, whose arrogance  
Enrag'd the winds and the outlandish waves;  
Uttermost bourn of the pursu'd, whose face  
Bespake no sympathy with want that made

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\* The Sea God.

His back her icy bed ; yea, there lay one,  
Who search'd in vain the Druid oracles,  
Which fate had clos'd, and deep ancestral tombs,  
To suage her agony. Her bodice sweet  
Of water lily braids, and kirtle green  
Of scented fern, grown on Loch Lena's shore,  
Down mitr'd to the knee ; her shoon of rush,  
And round her neck, the wild ash berries beaded,  
Upon her breast sun brown'd, once thought so fair,  
Change like their seasons with her head so flat  
Upon the pulseless earth ; where with the dust,  
Mingle her spreaded locks, like throdden gold  
Under the footfalls of wayfaring feet,  
When night obscures the treasure. Perish'd there,  
Had the first form of nature's plastic grace ;  
Banba, the beauteous evergreen, whom Winter,  
With Summer vied to please, and Spring's forethought  
Assur'd of Summer's mirth and Autumn's store ;  
Gathered by Lir's reluctant waves to depths,  
Oblivious and unseen, on earth replac'd  
By none so fair. But there was one on foot,  
For refuge on that isle of gods entomb'd  
And cloisters wreck'd, who found her bed and look'd

Unawares upon death's slumber, near its end :  
The wanderer was Queen Eire ; one who lov'd  
Melodious Banba of the silvan pipe,  
As lily loves the lake, and lake the stars,  
And mountain loves the morn : unmov'd, she gaz'd,  
But with the pale cheek of a mother's woe.  
Her robe, the spangl'd zodiac of night's sky,  
As once on Blahma's sacred top, <sup>(3)</sup> she wore ;  
Upon her feet, the sandal pearls still gleam'd,  
And for a crown, the rainbow ; but alas !  
No harp, for sceptre, in her hand she bore.  
Two ages, in the shroud of death she lay,  
Nor dreams now, the relentless hand of doom  
Still beacons on fulfilment. Victory,  
Fardora's son, Blackwater's fame, survive,  
And the Dark Daughter's son, on Seaghais' hills,  
Who veng'd her ancient wrongs on Saxon foes ;  
But lost, all memory of her fall. E'en now,  
Three ages yet are due to bide with tears,  
The burden of her children's doom to bear.  
Her ample hall, the vacant night ; her bards,  
The winds, forsaken in their caves, that moan ;  
Her throne, the headland cliff, whose fossil knees

The howling sea wolves vainly shake, in hope  
Due time may yield her to their foamy mouths.  
Unshelter'd from the cloud sleet and the blast,  
Her bones are cold, but not her heart, she weeps.  
The rock fowl and all birds of prey, swoop-wing'd,  
Ransack the deep, and hunger not; her food,  
The emptiness between the moon and her:  
E'en these had hearts to break and tears to shed,  
Eire! if heaven lamented not for thee!  
Behind her steps, a knight with batter'd shield,  
Horrific crest, and fram'd of giant bone,  
The fell Tribemonster of departed days.  
His cold sad eye was like the falling moon,  
Hung from a dismal cloud and horn'd, when eve,  
Low in the cheerless heaven, on argent dull,  
Without a star lamp sleeps, and autumn's leaves,  
From out the gravestones, in the whining blast,  
Wanton, expose their wither'd nakedness,  
And dance unseemly to the mocking winds.  
Both hands his spear shaft held, of gory fame  
In ancient story, which, though weak, he still  
Deems worthy of his youthful championship.  
His passion'd visage, hollow, scarr'd, and grim,

Belied that votive love of fatherland,  
That nurs'd him; save when tribal feud or pride,  
Blindfolded, fac'd the point at Eire's breast:  
Nathless, she lov'd him as a mother fond,  
Her son, and for her sake he longs to die.  
Who, when he saw, or dream'd he saw, the breath  
Of Eire's life, and Fohla's bosom care,  
In death embedded on that flinty breast;  
Impetuous, ere the queen her credence yields,  
His wild amazement, thus in language vents:

“O Rock! thou barren mother of the mist!  
Sea fowl and hawk here breed unnurs'd by thee!  
Is it because within thy hearsay, men  
Gather sepulchral marble or for aught  
Thou hast outliv'd so many reigns of gods,  
That thy bleak shadow gainst the wintry moon,  
From harbouring of their ghosts—Dun Angus, speak!  
Canst thou breed phantoms? Or Thou, Banba, dead!  
With beauty and virtue slain; then death we crave.

“When didst thou perish? Was it just before  
We found thee, or, with other gods long dead,  
Is thy immortal with such mind endow'd,  
That thou art yet unmoulder'd? Rise and weep:

Lov'd Eire now weeps o'er thee; breathes upon thee;  
Bear Thou thy part. How canst thou bide dumb grief  
Amidst the general woe thy kindred share?  
Wail loudly; let thy loved ones hear thy plaint;  
Deem not thy heart outwell'd, new agonies  
Are footing toward thee fast to start within,  
The spring of other tears. O Woman! great  
And many are thy woes: Awake and weep!

“Where is Fardora's son, that keenest light  
Of all thy watch towers? where the god-like youth,  
Whom the Dark Daughter bore; two wakeful eyes,  
Defiant set in Ulad's craggy brow,  
That never slept for thee? Great sufferer, tell!  
For we are conscious of a falling off;  
And in our trance, oblivion hath ras'd  
All annals, legends, lineage, Brehon laws,  
Septs, boundaries, and stori'd song of bards;  
Or turn'd their phantoms into dark portents  
Of ruin coming towards us: where are they?  
Oh! have they darken'd in thy misery?  
When did thy pallid fingers close their lids?  
Or thy wan lips bent o'er them, press them down  
Eterne, to spare thy mother Eire's pain?”

He ceas'd; but in the slumberer, life or breath  
No response gave; but kept the silent course  
Of death's smooth sleeping motion toward decay;  
As in the wintry air, the waning stars,  
With thoughts unpierceable, when no rough blast  
Gives voice unto the stillness: so she sleeps,  
Till in the cold aversion of decease,  
Their minds were on the rack to know its dreams.  
And hence Ogygian Eire, seated low  
On the hard cliff and rugged, plac'd her limbs  
And warrior-suckling breasts 'neath Banba's form,  
As mother nurses babe, and with deep moan,  
Thus dove-like coo'd into her lov'd one's ear:

“O Loveliest of the living! Breath of life!  
Sweeter to taste than breathes the spirit of love  
In blushful May! Sister in whom I see  
The mirror'd magnitude of nature's boon  
To my sea-girded realm! Thy matin star  
Is late upon the hill, and morning airs  
Await thy slumbers on the murmuring foam!  
Light of the dreamy forests that enshroud  
The majesty of mountains! Tenderest nurse  
Of bloom dales, where the rose and lily sleep!

Bestir thee to the call of bleating flocks  
And lowing herds unfed. Sweet Elga's queen!  
All hearts grow pale for thee. Thy seasons cold,  
Forsaken like their nestlings, weave in vain  
Their garlands' bell; and in once happy meads,  
Summer is gray, and sapless Winter finds  
No Spring, his rigid joints to loose; for she  
To other climes hath pass'd, and Autumn's eyes  
Have slept with her last leaves. Awake, Belov'd!  
Recall her to the blithesome hum of bees,  
That trade for winter's store, and on her farms,  
Replace the golden sheaf and seeding bloom  
Of Bregia's scented lawns. Now lift thine eyes!  
Grand Mother, Earth, her fairest born forbids  
Longer sojourn with grief malign to dim  
The crystal of thy contemplation clear.  
"Arise, Belov'd! come wondrous back to earth!  
As o'er night's face, the dayspring walks the air.

"Let death, in thee bethink him, he forgets  
Thy Sister-mother's fate; for I am doom'd  
To rule Gadelas' seed to latest days,  
Harping the legends of departed years  
To manhood of unfailing worth and fame,

Unseen, but worshipful. On Elga's soil,  
How can I reign without thee? How endure  
Bereavement, when the bardic harps revive  
Thy image in the hall? Thou silvan pipe,  
Prolong thy lays! meet me as oft we met,  
On Blahma's sacred steep, or on the slope  
Of Wisna, ere the reaper or the lark  
Had chanted, we with Fohla, harp'd, and sung;  
Or from Hy-Brassail's Isle of Youth returning,  
The primrose in thy hair, and on thy lips  
The budded Spring, on Erna's shore divine,  
We lov'd and reign'd o'er lake-encircl'd isles  
And promontories green." Thus Eire sigh'd,  
With eyes that inward search'd that face and form;  
And a mysterious sympathy, which mov'd  
Throes of returning life, more dying-like  
Than bearing, which perplex'd the mother's hope:  
For Banba's mien and heavings of distress  
Seem'd like the visage of the western sea,  
When Lir hath clear'd the tempest of its clouds,  
And yet on troubl'd bed, the dying moon  
Lies rock'd in easeless pain: on Eire's eyes,  
A hopeless stare she fix'd, and murmur'd low:

“What lapse of time ebbs in this burial place,  
Since I have slept? Or on this marble waste,  
What year recorded since thy fatal fall?”

To whom the heroine of the bleeding breast,  
As if old Ocean would recount the years  
He slept or storm'd, but found the effort vain:  
“The times I know not when from deadly swoon,  
I was awak'd, and by the stranger forc'd  
To wander here: but say, Thou cherish'd Babe!  
Retreat secure, or what resistance left  
To the great-hearted champions of the Gael,  
Hath temper'd our distress?” But Banba's voice,  
As mournful as the sound of her bright streams,  
Falling through rocky clefts from sunlight far:  
“Faint as their weak resolve, my heart of woe.”  
Again the queen: “What stubborn chiefs still wage  
The war of freedom on their father's hills?”  
But she of Autumn's falling leaves replies:  
“Vanquished, the chieftain wears the victor's chain;  
No pulse of native pride his bosom fires.”  
Then with large eyes erect, the Mother cries:  
“What counsel to their piteous state remains?  
What aid from man or heaven?” But paler still,

As broken crests of wave, foreboding storm,  
Spi'd by wreck'd mariners, that now, three days  
Upon a raft, had brook'd the starving main;  
Her lov'd one look'd in Eire's eyes: "O Mother!  
The words thou will'st would heavier hit thine ear  
Than the death music of Mac-Manar's harp; <sup>(4)</sup>  
And rend thee as the forest levelling scythe  
Of Mananan, <sup>(5)</sup> thy foes: here let me sleep,  
Nor further wound thy soul so godly fram'd,  
With rustic plaint." She trembled as she spake.  
But the queen mother, in her arms of white,  
Like two pines, whose snow-laden tops incline,  
When winter drifts o'er Glenariff's steep dell,  
Nearer the heart, her woodland poet press'd;  
With thought sublime wiling despondency:

"Tell me thy woes and mine; that fortitude  
Make Fate amend her harsh decree, or spend  
Its rigour: Banba, there's a potent will  
And foresight in the eyes of ancient thought,  
Which in the race of man, like ecstasy  
Divine or natural, or essence mix'd,  
Concenter'd on desire, in time outlasts  
Fire, deluge, and effacement of the sword;

And ne'er fulfilment lacks. Herein we find  
A veritable prophet walks the earth;  
Vain to the weak, but healthful to the strong:  
And sages there have been and holy men,  
In days of other woe, whose lips foretold,  
Grounding prediction on conclusions, drawn  
From long-liv'd justice and the general mind,  
That we again shall reign. O let not woe,  
Forging the chains that bind her, lend thy cheek  
Complexion of despair, who rends her locks  
Despiteful, and in dire self durance held,  
Bars with an earthquake's rift the only path,  
That from her dungeon leads: distrustful hag  
Of man and heaven. O Loved One! feast thy hope  
With Mananan, <sup>(6)</sup> when peers the blighting East  
With contact of that passion on his front;  
And here with truthful light illumine the fate  
That clouds me. Doth not still, Fardora's son  
Survive, to band the Gael in arms once more?  
Doth not the Chief of the Red Cataract,  
Whom the Dark Daughter bore, though not as erst,  
Returning with the glorious spoils of war,  
Greeted with clansmen's shout and maiden's praise

And bards triumphant in the hall of harps,  
Still bless the race of Conn with holy strife  
Against dispersion?" Thus the anxious queen:  
But fondl'd in the mother's arms, she said:

"Long ere my flight, this place of tombs had found,  
Two cycles of the moon and twice seven snows,  
In Pintia's fane, <sup>(7)</sup> that hero's ashes lay  
With thy heart's hopes; he, who the world forsook  
For them and thee; e'en maiden's bloomy cheek  
Relinquish'd; there he slept the sleep of kings.  
But thy supreme of chiefs, Fardora's son, <sup>(8)</sup>  
After vain toils of war, submission yields  
To spare his people 'neath the foreign yoke;  
But in his hall, conspiracies and snares  
Harass'd his mighty soul, and countless foes  
His life assail'd, thy fruitful plains to seize.  
Hence in the baleful keel, black hulk accurst'd!  
With Ulad's exil'd chiefs he cross'd the sea  
To plead with distant monarchs, thy great cause;  
In vain: in foreign earth his bones are laid,  
Most kingly sepulcher'd on Rome's fam'd hill,  
Where Peter of the Keys had bled of old,  
The holy city, where all wear'd souls,

For refuge flee ; there found thy hero peace :  
And our death's peace, long sought, as last hath come.”  
“Here Banba clos'd, and at her harrowing tale,  
Amazing horror chill'd great Eire's heart  
And stricken soul : unconscious from her arms,  
She parts her lov'd one ; and on limbs unnerv'd,  
Striding, as though the rock's foundation wav'd,  
Beneath a tower, her eyeballs back she turn'd  
Upon her spearman ; but his head was droop'd,  
Abash'd and stoni'd : neath her bleeding breasts,  
Her sky-wrought robe with constellation spangl'd,  
To mist light chang'd ; and her ethereal crown,  
To moonlight rainbow. Then her heart pour'd forth  
Over the sea, a voice of wrongs untold,  
As though to all the ages she had cri'd,  
Both past and coming, in her wide appeal ;  
Whose echo o'er the deep more awful sounds  
Than storms that scatter o'er his anger'd face  
Whole navies arm'd, and furious voices lift  
Amid the shrouds ; or earthquakes with the wail  
Of cities, when with ruin, they shake down  
Imperial battlements : it rather seem'd,  
As if the bolt that hurl'd from highest skies,

Jehova's vain supplanters, once again,  
E'en on this solid globe were cast, to smite  
An atheist world, God's venge of human woe  
Denies or scorns. But she soon curbs her grief,  
Spurning the foreign despot, and the lot  
Of conquer'd, who was still unconquerable;  
And in her arms of white, more loving press'd  
Fair Banba, lifted from the rock; and breath'd  
Such warmth of nature's passion in her ear,  
Nature's original of heart and tongue,  
Beyond all bardic skill, with golden strings  
To touch, or sympathetic voice to chime:  
Two winter moons, she rock'd in silent hope,  
Wrapt in her royal robe, the sleeping babe.  
But ere the third was horn'd, clear consciousness,  
With primal dignity of native growth,  
Honour'd the heart of Eire, and brought forth  
That progeny of hope she lately preach'd,  
As thus, the mother to her nurseling spake:

“Awake, fair morning of the balmy spring!  
Winter hath chill'd my passion: let discourse  
Temper affliction with life-bearing breath,  
That like the feast of Mananan, may cheer

Or scorn depression: let me know the worst;  
The children of the Scythian Iver Scot,  
In Inisfail, no more with honour found,  
Have strangers made their soil a foreign land?"  
To whom the Dove of Elga feebly moan'd:

“How calm soft sleep reposes in thine arms,  
Eire! how comforting to those that weep!  
O for the joys of primal days! when first,  
Ere long from earth had pass'd our heavenly sires,  
The Gael made thee their Queen, on love enthron'd,  
Unseen but worshipful; fit queen to rule  
A race of heroes; born to hardy deeds  
And melting hearts, for old civility  
And veneration fam'd; and me, this Isle,  
Bless'd of the gods, for thy sweet sake to tend;  
Mountain and streamy dale, the grove and lawn,  
Fruitage and rose, flock, herd and tender hind  
In woodland, and all creatures that delight  
In air or fountain; and wise Fohla join'd  
For music numbers, that could tune the scores  
Of laws and annals, and all bardie strains,  
With eldest wisdom: here our happy lot,  
O'er Elga's bless'd Hesperian fields to reign,

Three sisters o'er the noblest race of men,  
Belov'd and reverenc'd. Hence, in Tir-na-noge,  
Our spouses, highly honour'd for their dames,  
We favour'd as they list, and to and from,  
A blissful passage found; but late estrang'd,  
By earthly sorrow, entrance there debarr'd,  
In absence long we pine. For now the Gael  
Is banish'd from our sway; the stranger reaps  
The fields we plough'd, our righteous laws revers'd  
And sovereignty extinct: O, let us hence,  
Mother! unto our own. Mac Alpruin gain'd  
From fate, they say, that ere the world expires,  
My mountains shall be merg'd with all the Gael,  
In Lir's surrounding fathoms; thus to 'scape  
The penal tribulation of those days:  
Now let us die; that season is at hand."  
She said, and from th' embrace descending, stands  
On rock, and thus her direful tale pursues:

"O Thou; to memory dark; Thou great forlorn!  
In this pale solitude thy mind bestow  
With me, where Tago's Lusian torrent rolls  
'Tween Lisboa's hills and citadel to swell  
Th' Atlantic pool: thence, hither stemming slow,

Behold Iberian keels with pennons spread  
Over the southern sea; more evil fraught  
Than Norse or Fomer fleet that ever sail'd,  
Orkney or Dane with Turgeis, or the hordes  
Of Sitric, to the shores of Inisfail.

Good Philip's aid they vaunt; but Oh! to him  
And thee, how treacherous prov'd! To Cremna's Fort, <sup>(9)</sup>  
The nether pole of fortune's star, they sail,  
Remote from Ulad's chiefs, by Muma's Gall  
Infested, and their chosen battle ground.

'Twas there the foreign friend, worse traitor found, <sup>(10)</sup>  
Embrac'd the foreign foe, and wrought thy fall:  
Ah! were thy sons so brother'd on that day,  
They both had vanish'd from thy happy shore!

“The Gael betray'd, distraught, the panic fiend  
Their leader choose, and Eire's side forsake.  
'Twas then two eyes that never slept for her  
On Ulad's brow, within their spheres eclips'd.  
See double in the twilight: on that brow,  
Darkness descends from heaven. On Cremna's walls,  
Her ancient foe entrench her 'round about,  
And aim to spear that goddess breast; she falls:  
Dispersion goads her sons. Then savage hordes,

Let loose from Caledonia's thistle wilds  
Replace the children of Nine-hostage Nial,  
In cot and palace, mountain wealth and plain,  
And lake and running flood, silvery with fish ;  
The birthright of Gadelian Heremon. (11)

"A meteor lights upon Benburb ; (12) it pales  
Their pride to ashes ; light from heaven inspires  
With speed, and plagues their Cameronian keels,  
To utter conquest and repair of loss ;  
But light return'd above, whence, for a space,  
It wander'd, and the world bereft and thee,  
Of Owen Roe, Great Hugh's grand-nephew, slain  
Without a wound, save death's. The glutton field  
His life consum'd ; but ere the grave, his flesh,  
Out of the East a dragon monster rose ;  
A sign, unto man's native skies, unknown :  
A star of Hell, no borrow'd glory crown'd  
His disk, ascending on the arch of Heaven.  
At distant view, darkness defin'd his sphere  
Clearer than starlight : on his front, two horns,  
Like turrets, threaten'd ; one, thy fearless heart  
To gore in fight, and one thy god to slay.  
O'er earth he soar'd no higher than to shun

The plumes of ancient forest, on the plain,  
Or midway, in the mountain breeze, that wave.  
Star of the depths and darkness; yet his ire  
Flam'd like a burning forest on hillside  
At night, o'er grim Dunloe, by sorcerous witch  
Set on for murderous ends. His dire approach,  
On foot, or low in air, on bat wings flew;  
Which o'er the regions shed eclipse that gloom'd  
The shores and islands: rapine on his right,  
And on his left the word of God was writ,  
Which gave ungodly steps to trample bare  
Thy faded sovereignty. Orghillian walls, <sup>(13)</sup>  
Man'd by the chivalry of ancient worth,  
On Inver Colpa's shore, before him fall;  
And heroes bleed when battle strife is o'er,  
Under the sacrificial knife, to 'suage  
The godhead of his wrath: cold blood sheds blood:  
O my paternal gods! Thou Carman next, <sup>(14)</sup>  
The feast of old civility and law,  
Bards, knights, and heralds, foreign guests and trade,  
With martial games that won bright woman's praise,  
Where Slang the son of Dela left his name  
Upon the stream, in woman's gore he steeps.

For his sword arm red havoc scatter'd wide,  
Two-edg'd, and by the hair, the other flung  
A bleeding head, reft from a feeble king,  
In whom the helpless Gael vain hope repos'd  
For lands and altars; and where'er it fell,  
Both perish'd at a blow. At his advance,  
Abhorrent to my lifelong constancy,  
And the pure fountain of our ancient blood;  
I feminine, he potent, hideous foul,  
From Tartarus return'd, who brake his chains;  
Though craving death, I shudder'd at the heart  
And fled; but tumult, like pursuing flames,  
That breathe the roar of tempests, at my heels,  
Howl'd Cromwell!! Cromwell!! Then the curse befell  
Of impious Foël, slain on Seagais hills,  
By the Dark Daughter's son; who, ere his eyes,  
The light of heaven forsook, for thine and thee,  
Malignant, thus forebode: 'their felon sons  
Shall plough no more the soil their fathers reap'd;  
The hills and floods they nam'd shall soon be known  
By other names, and rul'd by other lords;  
The woodland echo, yea, the mountain air  
Shall lose their Gaelic speech it breath'd so long;

And the Green Isle itself, they native call,  
Shall smile, as if it ne'er had known their race.' ”

She ceas'd, and meditation, with a shock,  
Unlike her stately entrance, seiz'd their minds.  
Silence was speechful in their looks that met  
On Eire's brow high seated; Banba's tears  
Sprinkl'd a face of marble in pale grief;  
But o'er th' invaders' track, the spearman fierce,  
With lance uplift to sea, and his grim beard  
Back o'er his shoulder fac'd, derision smil'd.  
But Eire, on the land breeze, hears full nigh  
Earth shaking and the thunder peals of war,  
The tramp of steeds in thousands, and the shouts  
Of nations, and the groans of heroes slain.  
And for this tale of woe, her sudden stroke,  
Conceal'd, is comforted. A gentle hand  
She waves, and tearful Banba thus concludes:

“Then missing thee and Fohla's guiding light,  
I sought the Brughs where sleep the gods of old,  
Our kings and sires: on Tara's mound I watch'd  
And meditated many a winter frost,  
The wisdom of the grave. At Cruachan,  
I mourn'd the bitterness of woe befall'n

And joys departed; at Slieve Mish I lay  
On Scotsa's tomb, the mother of the Gael;  
And call'd to her, who lov'd Gadelas more  
Than Egypt, or her sire, great Pharoah thron'd.  
Telteen and Argied-Ross, my sleepless eyes  
Bedew'd; and every Rath and heather'd Shee  
And monumental Mound of Inisfail, <sup>(15)</sup>  
Where kings repose: but in their marble halls,  
None heard thy slaughter cries; none knew my voice;  
None from inglorious slumber burst the tomb.  
The pass'd was dead: and yet, because of thee,  
Thy fate mysterious and unpierceable,  
Resisting dissolution in the throes  
Of ebbing life, the Mounds once more I sought  
Of Angus Oge and Dagda, eldest sire  
Of deities and kings, by Boand's stream.

'Twas neath the clouds of night, with not a star  
Or glance of heaven upon me, last I bent  
My knees upon the awful Brugh to weep. <sup>(16)</sup>  
Oh, how unlike! how fallen from thy days,  
Fardora's son! whose magnitude of mind,  
In arms and gowns excell'd our Saxon foe!  
I call'd them, Kindred Sovereigns, Guardian Sires,

Recounting all thy dolours since the wound  
On Cremna's walls; while, suppliant, I implor'd,  
Where I might find thy resting place of sighs;  
At every close, the burden of my strain:  
'Angus-an-Vrog! 'tis Banba's voice you hear!  
God of the blissful wound, whose kisses wing'd,  
To birds of song transform'd, with vernal strains,  
Can turn the world to love; so may thy harp  
Extort from fate, when Eire's wounds shall heal,  
So may the Sire of gods, her Sire, make known,  
Where I may find her in her solitude.'

Nine years I mourn'd, beseeching thus, nor heard  
Response; till, one black night, the mouth of doom  
Was op'd, and from the faltering oracle,  
Groans of distress o'erwhelm'd me, and my hope  
In depths unfathom'd sunk." Here Banba ceas'd;  
But Eire thus: "Sweet Soul! our earthly passion  
The oracles hath clos'd, and all access  
Debarr'd; till purifi'd in peace we find  
Our seats, which penitence ere long regains.  
Let not thy heart be troubl'd, Beauteous Grief!  
There's One still lives to save, whom, Norse or Gall,  
Or crimes of faithless sons ne'er turn'd from me.

E'en He, the King of all great gods ye fear,  
Patron or alien, whom the Talkend once,  
A lovely babe in arms to Elga bore\*:  
Now sorrow brings my heart to His more nigh."

Then Banba, with the sunlight in her tears:  
"This is the great Judean, whom of old,  
Thou, like a second mother, on warm breast,  
Didst feed, to make him a great conqueror,  
And watch and hunger for his countenance.  
Thy sisters are of earth and air; but Him,  
Through thee we know, and worship Him in thee:  
Whom thou hast ne'er forsaken in thy woe:  
But thee forsook; thee, by thy foster son,  
Accords not with the honour of his line."  
Then with consoling looks, the queen rejoins:

"Go forth, Thou offspring of the early gods!  
Forsake thy father's house, and like a bride,  
Cleave to His side in every land for grace  
And counsel, in this discipline of pain:  
But chief, the fane of Dune, where, in one tomb,  
Mac Alpruin's with Columba's bones repose,  
And Bridget's, angel of the virgin choirs!"

She spake, and Banba, with obedience meek,

\*The shaven Christian Monks.

And as a spouse, unto the Christ repairs,  
In Eire's patient faith and virtue rob'd.  
Then o'er the cope of night, were chariots wing'd  
With flame; and burning hosts eclipse the stars,  
Outward, or soaring toward the threshold arch,  
The gate of heaven. At Eire's proven faith,  
New canticles were heard; and in the midst,  
Saint George, the Cappadocian Youth, whose cross  
On Albion's banner blaz'd, thus counsell'd grave:

“Ye purple rob'd that bear victorious palms,  
Imperial Crowns! Ye Spirits for wisdom thron'd,  
That arbitrate in heaven, the world beneath!  
To whom of old, wise Albion's maids repair'd,  
Their lamps to fill, and vows renew of hearts,  
Since alien found! hither, our court we hold,  
Or Eire's wrongs or Albion's right approve;  
Whose end foreseen foredooms the pending strife  
On yonder Yellow Ford. Behold God's hand,  
How heavy on the fratricidal Gael:  
How tribal feud still swells th' invader's host;  
Unchasten'd still, and hard in brother's hate.  
But for the guilt, why innocence condemn,  
Or for the worse, why slay the nobler part?

For whoso of the angels gazeth on  
This vision of penal woe, nor contemplates  
God's loss in Eire's fall? our sister fram'd  
Gigantic in the martyrdom of faith;  
Now destin'd long on earth, the yoke to bear  
And slander of his foes, our clients once,  
Whose equal malice waits the reckoning day;  
So were their retribution equal found,  
As mild, with holy stripes, that meekly borne,  
Stern Justice hides His head to weep: but pray ye,  
The Mercy seat: no length or weight of woe,  
Her pillar'd faith may shatter; nor the wrongs,  
Bad men inflict, her vasty spirit bend."

He spake, and all th' Immortals lift their voice,  
Join'd in a pleading of great fervency,  
And temper'd to the lowly heart that stoops  
The Godhead to the knees of human pain.  
These in the golden, whom the Emerald star  
Answer in concord, with mysterious wreaths  
Of new-created harmonies, involv'd  
At distance, and the pensive chime sustain.

# Notes.

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1. Then guardian rivers: "The waves were the Tonn Tuaithe: Mouth of the Bann, Tonn Clidna: Glandore, Co. Cork, Tonn Rury: Bay of Dundrum, Co. Down. Conaill Carna was at Dun Sovarchy, and he heard the Tonn Tuaithe. 'Truly,' said Conaill, 'Concobar is in peril, and it is not meet that I should remain listening.' When Conn of the Hundred Fights was in similar jeopardy, the sea roared at these points." Standish O'Grady. Hist., Vol. 2, p. 198. Note.

2. There stood an isle: "This barony consists of a group of islands called the South Arran Isles, situated in the centre of the mouth of the Galway bay, stretching south-east and north-west, and comprising Arranmore or the Great Arran to the west. They were supposed to be the remains of a high barrier of land separated at some remote period by the violence of the sea; and from evident appearances of their having been anciently overspread with wood, their retired situation, and existence of druidical remains, to have been appropriated to the celebration of the religious rites of the early Irish, prior to the introduction of Christianity. The Firbolg tribes had possession of these islands at a very early period. Their appearance, on approaching, is awfully impressive; the dark cliffs opposing to the billows that roll impetuously against them a perpendicular barrier, several hundred feet high, or rugged masses shelving abruptly towards the base, and perforated with various

winding cavities worn by the violence of the waves. Arranmore, or the Great Island, which is the most northern of the three, is about eleven miles in length, and about one and three-quarter miles at its greatest breadth. Hares and rabbits abound in these islands, which are also frequented by plovers, gannets, pigeons, ducks, and other wild fowl; and the cliffs are the resort of numerous puffins, which are taken for the sake of their feathers by crag-men, who descend the cliffs at night by means of a rope fastened around the body, and are lowered by four or five of their companions.

"There are still some very interesting remains not only of druidical antiquity, but also of the ancient churches and monasteries.

"The most remarkable of the primitive fortifications is the Dun Angus, situated on the summit of a great precipice overhanging the sea; it consists of three enclosures, the largest of which is encircled by a rampart of large stones standing on end; and there are one of similar size and others smaller. From the excluded situation of these islands, the language, manners, customs and dress of the natives are peculiarly primitive; instances of longevity are remarkable." *Topograph. Dictionary of Ire.*, S. Lewis, Vol. 1, p. 78.

3. Blahma: "The Slieve Bloom mountains. One or them, Ard-Erin, i.e., the heights of Eire, was sacred to Eire the goddess, from whom Ireland has taken the name of Erin." O'Grady. Vol. 2, p. 217.

"The hill of Wisna in the west sacred to Fohla." *Ibid.*, Vol. 1, p. 66; see *The Book of Rights*, pp. 6 and 7.

"Wisna, now Usnagh hill, in the parish of Kildare, Westmeath, where, according to Keating, the first sacred fire was kindled in Ireland by an arch Druid." *Publications of Ossianic Soc.*, p. 135, Vol. VI.

4. Mac Manar: "Mac Manar and his harp shedding death from its stricken wires." P. 57.

"I alone have heard Mac Manar, and to me alone has the warning come." P. 323.

"No other omens are needed now; I have heard Mac Manar, and Rod, too, I shall see in his own time." 330, Vol. 2. Standish O'Grady, Hist. Ire.

5. Forest levelling scythe: "This was the Fraygarta, the sword of Mananan, with which Lu had destroyed the Fomorians." O'Grady. Vol. 2, p. 279 n.

6. With Mananan: "With those who had partaken of the feast of Goibneen, and whom, therefore, weapons could not slay, who had eaten at the table of Mananan, and would never grow old." Ibid., p. 57.

7. In Pintia's fane: "O'Donnell, stung to madness by defeat, indignant at the conduct of this most ill-judged enterprise, and impatient of King Philip's dilatory councils and petty expeditions, gave the command of his clan to his brother Roderick; and three days after the battle flung himself into a Spanish ship at Castlehaven and, attended by Redmond Burke, Hugh Mostian, and seven other Irish gentlemen, set sail for Spain. He disembarked at Corunna, was received with distinction by the Marquis of Caracena and other nobles, 'who evermore gave O'Donnell the right hand; which, within his government,' says Carew, 'he would not have done to the greatest duke in Spaine.' The king received him affectionately, treated him with high consideration, and actually gave orders for a powerful force to be drawn together at Corunna, for another descent upon Ireland.

"But that armament never sailed, and O'Donnell never

saw Ireland more; for news arrived in Spain, a few months after, that Dun-bui castle, the last stronghold in Munster that held out for King Philip, was taken; and Bearehaven, the last harbour in the south that was open to his ships, effectually guarded by the English; and the Spanish preparations were countermanded; and Red Hugh was once more on his journey to the court, to renew his almost hopeless suit; and had arrived at Simancas, two leagues from Valladolid, when he suddenly fell sick; his gallant heart was broken, and he died there, on the 10th of September, 1602. He was buried by order of the king with royal honours, as befitted a prince of the Kinel-Conal and the Chapter of the Cathedral of St. Francis in the stately city of Valladolid, Pintia, holds the bones of as noble a chief and as stout a warrior as ever bore the wand of chieftancy, or led a clan to battle." Mitchell. Life Aodh O'Neill.

8. Fardora's son: "That Tyrone had, at that period, really intended to excite an insurrection, has never been satisfactorily proved. It is, however, certain that he had extensive possessions, whose forfeiture must have been advantageous to his enemies, and that he lived under a system of espionage, intolerable to a man of his proud and daring spirit. The spies of that day, if we may credit the sagacious and correct Davis, arrogated to themselves a species of prescience which must have been terrible to those who were unfortunately placed under their surveillance. Be that as it may, O'Neill and his friend, Rory O'Donel, fled to the continent in the year 1607, and abandoned their lands and hereditary honours to the crown. Tyrone remained a short time in Normandy, from whence he passed into Flanders and afterwards to Rome, where he was supported by the Pope (Paul the fifth). Old, blind and worn down by misfortune, he died in the year 1616. Some years afterwards his son was found strangled in his bed, at

Brussels, and thus ended the race of this active chieftain." Stuart's Armagh, p. 306.

"It was at Rome he died, and the Holy Father ordered him a public funeral; directing arrangements to be forthwith made for celebrating his obsequies on a scale of grandeur such as is accorded only to royal princes and kings.

"On the hill of the Janiculum, in the Franciscan church of San Pietro di Montorio, they laid the Prince of Ulster in the grave which, a few years before, had been opened for his son, beside the last resting place of the Tyrconnell chiefs." A. M. Sullivan, *Hist. Ire.*, p. 331; see also Rev. C. P. Meehan, *The Fate and Fortunes of the Earls of Tyrone and Tirconnel*.

9. Kermion: "Cearmna, the twenty-eighth king of Ireland of the Milesian line, who kept his court at Dun Cearmna, on the Old Head of Kinsale in the southern extremity of Munster, afterwards called Dun Mhic Padrig, in the territories of the Courcies." *Oss. Soc. Vol. V.*, p. 141.

Their chosen battle ground: vide Stafford, *Pacata Hibernia*, ch. XXI.

O'Sullivan Bear. *Tomus Tertius. Cap. IX.*

"If the aides were sent for Ulster, then Tyrone required but four or five thousand men, if the King did purpose to send an Army into Mounster, then hee should send strongly; because neither Tyrone or O'Donnell could come to help them." Stafford. *Pacata Hibernia. Lib. 2, ch. XXV.*

10. The foreign friend: "A Letter from the Duke of Lerma, to Don Iuan de Aguila, Master of the Camp, General of the men of Warre in Ireland."

"As touching the men and other things which you demaund there is dispatched a good quantitie, and more is in preparing, and make you no doubt, but still more shall bee in sending, as much as may bee: for his Majestie hath it before his eyes, and I have taken in hand the solliciting thereof; wherefore you may bee assured, that you shall not want anything which may bee sent that is needfull: There is now in readiness 150 Launces, which shall be presently imbarqued, and more men are levying with expedition, with whom money shall be sent."

"A Letter from the King of Spaine to Don Iuan de Aguila. 'I have understood of the defeat of the Earles, Oneale and Odonnell, and likewise I now see that all your hopes remain in your valour and wisdom; wherein I have such confidence, that I hope in the midst of so many dangers and labours (wherewith you are environed) that you will preserve the army, untill more succours of shipping, men, armes, and munitions be sent unto you, which are with all possible expedition in preparing, and shall bee speedily dispatched. . . . I do not advise you of any particulars, because I assure myself of your judgment and experience, that knows how to make your advantage on such occasions, as the enemy shall give for the benefit of the siege.' " *Pacata Hibernia*, ch. XXVI.

"Don Juan de Aquilas sailed with the remainder of his forces from Kinsale for Spain, on the 16th of March (1601) with a fair wind. On arriving at Corunna, being suspected of having acted dishonourably in Ireland, he was arrested by order of the king, and confined to his own house, where he soon afterwards died of grief.

"The suspicions formed against Don Juan were founded on the facility with which he surrendered to the English Kinsale, and the other towns in which the Spaniards were; also on the friendliness of a correspondence which he kept up with the deputy and Carew, and the reciprocal presents

that was made between them, and finally, upon his having furnished passports to the English, who went from Ireland to Spain under pretence of trading, but who in reality were spies that brought home an account of all that was passing in Spain, relative to the affairs of Ireland."

The Abbe Mac Goeghegan, *Hist. Ire.*, end of ch. XLVIII.

O'Sullivan Bear, *Historiæ Catholicæ Ibernæ Compendium*, Tomi. III. Liber VI., Cap. IX.

Cox, *Hibernia Anglicana*, p. 442.

11. The birthright of Cadelian Heremon: "Instantly commissioners were dispatched to the North to deal with 'traitors,' and take account of lands which were to escheat to the crown. The two Earls, with other chieftains, were duly attainted by process of outlawry; their lands and titles were declared forfeit; and the Plantation of Ulster commenced.

"The six counties of Donegal, Tyrone, Derry, Fermanagh, Cavan and Armagh, a tract of country containing five hundred thousand acres, was seized upon by the King, and parcelled out in lots to undertakers." Mitchell. *Life of Hugh O'Neill*, 241.

"The guilds, or trade companies of London, got a vast share of plunder; something like one hundred and ten thousand acres of the richest lands of the O'Neills and O'Donnells: lands which the said London companies hold to this day. To encourage and maintain these 'plantations,' various privileges were conferred upon or offered to the 'colonists,' the conditions required of them, on the other hand, being simply to exclude or kill off the owners, to hunt down the native population as they would any other wild game; and above all, to banish and keep out Popery. In fine, they and their heirs, executors, administrators,

and assigns,' were to garrison the country; to consider themselves a standing army of population in the English Protestant interest." A. M. Sullivan, *Hist.*, p. 341.

12. Benburb. "The whole of the Scotch artillery, arms, tents, baggage and thirty-two stands of colours were taken. The booty was immense; it consisted of fifteen hundred draught horses, and provisions of every kind for two months. General Monroe saved himself with difficulty on horseback, and fled without either hat or wig. After this defeat he burned Dundrum, and abandoned Portdown, Clare, Galway, Downpatrick, and other strong places. The consternation of his army was so great that numbers fled to Scotland for safety.

"This victory gained by Owen Roe O'Neill seemed to portend the complete conquest of Ulster." Mac Goeghegan, *ch. LI.*

"Owen Roe O'Neill was struck down by death early in the struggle, and by the common testimony of friend and foe, in him the Irish lost the only military leader capable of coping with Cromwell....He died 6th of November, 1649, at Cloughoughter Castle, Cavan, county Cavan, on his way southward to effect a junction with Ormond for a campaign against Cromwell. He was buried in the Franciscan convent in the town of Cavan." A. M. Sullivan, *Hist.*, p. 382.

13. Orghillian walls: "Cromwell having landed in Dublin, marched straight to besiege Drogheda, of which Sir Arthur Ashton was the commander. A summons to surrender the town being rejected, Cromwell ordered a breach to be attempted and a general assault made. He was, however, twice repulsed with heavy loss; a third attack succeeded, and the city was taken on the 10th of September. Orders issued to give no quarter, the garrison was accord-

ingly put to the sword. Ashton the commander, Sir Edmond Varney, Colonels Wale, Warren, Dunne, Tempest, Finglass, and several other officers of distinction, besides three thousand soldiers, were slain." Mac Goeghegan, ch. LI.; see Cox, *Hist. Ire.*, Reign Charles II., p. 8.

14. Carman (Wexforde): "Every step of Cromwell was marked by the most savage ferocity; two hundred ladies of Wexford, who sought with tears, and upon their knees, to propitiate the tyrant's rage, were massacred at the foot of the cross in the public square." Mac Goeghegan, ch. LI.

"The Ancient Fair of Carmen. 'Listen, O Lagenians of the monuments, ye truth-upholding hosts, until you get from me, from every source, the pleasant history of far-famed Carman. Carman, the field of a splendid fair, with a widespread unobstructed green, the hosts who came to celebrate it, on it they contested their noble races. The renowned field is the cemetery of kings, the dearly loved of noble grades; there are many meeting mounds, for their ever loved ancestral hosts. To mourn for queens and for kings, to denounce aggression and tyranny, often were the fair hosts in autumn upon the smooth brow of old Carman.

"Steeds, swords, beautiful chariots, spears, shields, human faces, dew, fruits, blossoms, and foliage, day and night, a heavy flooded shore. These in fullness all were there, the tribes of Banba without lastin' grief, to be under the protection of the fair, every third year without prohibition. . . . On the Kalends of August without fail, they repaired thither every third year, there aloud with boldness they proclaimed the rights of every law and the restraints.

"These are its many great privileges: Trumpets, Cruits, wide-mouthed horns, Cuisig, Timpanists without weariness, Poets and petty rhymesters; Fenian tales of Fin,—and untiring entertainment,—Destructions, Cattle-preys, Courtships, Inscribed tablets, and books of trees; satires, ogham

and sharp edged runes; proverbs, maxims, royal precepts, and the truthful instruction of Fithal, occult poetry, topographical etymologies, the precepts of Cairpri and of Cormac; the Feasts, with the great Feast of Teamar; Fairs, with the Fair of Emania, Annals there are verified, every division into which Erin was divided. The history of the household of Teamar—not insignificant. The knowledge of every territory in Erin, the history of the women of illustrious families, of courts, prohibitions, conquests. . . . Three markets in that auspicious country: a market of food, a market of live stock, and the great market of the foreign Greeks, where gold and noble clothes were wont to be.

“The professors of every art, both the noble arts and the base arts, and non-professionals were there selling and exhibiting their compositions and their professional works to kings; and rewards were given to every work of art that was just or lawful to be sold, or exhibited, or listened to. . . . It was five hundred and eighty years from the holding of the first fair in Carman, to the forty-second year of the reign of Octavius Augustus, in which Christ was born.” Translated from the Book of Leinster and Book of Ballymote. O’Curry’s *Manners and Customs*. Vol. III. Appendix, p. 523.

15. Monumental mounds: “The seven chief cemeteries of Erin, namely, Tailtin, Cruachan, the Brugh of the Boyne, Carman, Cuile, Tellacht, and Teamar of Dun Finn-tain.” O’Curry’s *M. C.*, p. 324.

16. My knees upon the awful Brugh: “On the banks of the Boyne, opposite Rosnaree, there stands a tumulus, said to be the greatest in Europe. It covers acres of ground, being of proportionate height. The earth is confined by a compact stone wall about twelve feet high. The central chamber, made of huge irregular pebbles, is about twenty feet from ground to roof, communicating with the outer

air by a flagged passage. Immense pebbles, drawn from the county of Antrim, stand around it, each of which, even to move at all, would require the labour of many men, assisted with mechanical appliances. It is, of course, impossible to make an accurate estimate of the expenditure of labour necessary for the construction of such a work, but it would seem to me to require thousands of men working for years.

“From reason and probability, we would with some certainty conclude that the great tumulus of New Grange was the temple of some Irish god; but that it was so, we know as a fact. The father and king of the gods (Dagda) is alluded to as dwelling there, going out from thence, and returning again, and there holding his invisible court. Here also dwelt Angus Og, the son of the Dagda. In this, his spiritual court or temple, he is represented as having entertained Oscar and the Ossianic heroes, and thither he conducted the spirit of Diarmid, that he might have him for ever.” O’Grady, *Hist. Ire.*, Vol. 2, p. 79-83.

## SCENE II.

Fohla meets Eire on the rock. Relates the perjured treaty of Lumneach and the departure of the Gaelic chieftains with Sarsfield in the service of the Gaulish king. Scene of the forsaken women. Fohla's lament. The Tribemonster's imprecation on the Saxon and his repentance for all the evil he had caused. Eire sends Fohla to bring tidings of her sons in the wars abroad. MacAlpruin addresses the saints in judgment.

'Lone on the ruins of departed gods,  
Earth's finite deities, with mind as vast,  
Another age above the desert sea,  
And ever gazing on confiding stars,  
And the wise Providence that rules the world,  
Queen Eire sate; careless of waves that work  
Their own ends, or the moon's vicissitudes:  
While Fohla, now her wandering quest at end  
For Eire lost, more sad for Eire found,  
Hung silent, as a visage in a cloud,  
Driv'n o'er the windy blue of heaven, that heaves  
The sea in tempest, piteously looks down

On the vast tribulation, and in air  
Is melted: so the tender Fohla stares  
And pines in wonder; while beyond the main,  
The queen of sorrow her large eyes uplifts;  
Abandonment and hope her soul contesting,  
Which holds endurance, resignation's fort.  
Thus Fohla mus'd, and Eire sigh'd, nor yet  
With words reliev'd their pain; the wanderer mute,  
Fearful, lest evil freight too safe she land,  
Which better wreck'd had been: till pondering long  
What faith great Eire in her god repos'd,  
With resolution of the just, she dares,  
As oft the trusty ministers of kings  
Tempt with adversity the mighty soul;  
Which, patient borne, may move the Power divine  
To mitigate, or bind the tyrant foe,  
In virtue of her fearless constancy.  
Thus from her hidden watch between the winds,  
Fohla comes forth slow pacing; by her side  
A sword of flame, as peers the sun at noon  
To less than eagle's eyes, hung by a robe  
White and untouch'd by any tinsel dross;  
As though the rock-foam of Tork's fountain flow'd

Around about her, seeking Lena's shore,  
Or Lir's ñude billows 'neath an opening cloud,  
When to the gale, they lift their breasts at play;  
But fairer still, her bosom bares to view  
The whiteness of her spir't, surpassing far  
Earth's emblems of rare pureness, cloth'd in light.  
In her right hand an oaken slab she bore,  
In Ogham <sup>(1)</sup> grav'd with tables of the law  
And rhymes antique that school'd a world gone by;  
And on her sacred head, an olive crown  
Which from Espan, of old, the peaceful Ith <sup>(2)</sup>  
To Yoha and his house De-da-naan brought.  
But of that peace, which in the Brehon days,  
Her justice meek dispens'd, when sword of state  
Was but an emblem in that silver age,  
Her cheer now tastes not, with adversity  
Consorting ill, and Eire's wounds unbound.  
Slow from behind, her sombre steps advance;  
Not as of yore, on harvest plains, mid dews  
Of day spring, ere the reaper or the lark  
Had chanted, she with Eire, harp'd and sung;  
Nor with the sudden glare of zeal untoward,  
Insulting godlike agony; but meek,

Apart she opes the colloquy of tears:

“Thou mother of Gadelas’ ancient race,  
Adopted once, now more than genital  
In thy maternal wounds, while orphans’ eyes  
Read in thy looks the winter of their doom,  
Or vernal hope restor’d! Bend o’er me at least!  
That I devoutly kiss these bleeding scars:  
Oh! that my life-long love could aught impart  
Of healing balm to staunch the breast that sheds  
The heart’s blood of the brave!” Soft from behind,  
These accents and the lucent front approach’d.  
But Eire, turning her afflicted brow,  
Rose and advanc’d, as on her darkest hour  
Wisdom and light had dawn’d. A greeting smile  
Half sunn’d her shaded soul, and her dark locks  
Descended thick on Fohla’s lustrous neck  
And her maternal kisses on her lips,  
With love that soften’d grief, despite her pain  
And the world’s bitterness; and thus she spake:

“O Fohla! Sister of my reign! my strength,  
In ruling of the beauteous isle we watch’d  
From Blahma’s height, with Banba by our side,  
Ages of youth and joy! Now give mine ear

Once more, that radiant spirit which inspir'd  
Peoples and kings, and bardic souls divine,  
When hearts were temples, which no impious hands  
Could rifle or dismantle. Are thy hopes  
Firm as thy love, fair as thy countenance,  
Sweet Sister of the sunny breast and brow?"  
To whom, thus wisdom's image, slow of speech  
To raise or damp expectancy, repli'd:  
"Thou dear to Hope! weary of wandering long,  
Though finding thee, no strength of heart I bear;  
Save from thy heart, what solace I receive,  
And life inhale." Then the great mother rais'd  
Her penetrable breast, and bent large eyes  
Compassionate, and words heroic pour'd:  
"Bright Bard of truth! the grief that quench'd thy song,  
More fell than that, and deadlier must have struck,  
Which Banba's timid soul whilom had pierc'd  
At Cromwell's impious hand. Thy tale recount:  
Such woes my ear now covets, but its gate  
Shall herse their cerements; for longer liv'd  
With entrance found, shading the light of hope,  
Their fate debars. Speak from that breast of truth;  
And speak the worst!" She said, and backward turn'd,

Dun Angus' hideous brow they reascend;  
Bare to the howling rigours of the main,  
Her seat of desolation: there replac'd,  
Sate Fohla by her side and thus began:

“Lov'd Eire! may thy god with pity hear:  
When that last night I miss'd thee, and pursu'd  
Were all thy lov'd ones and thy mighty men,  
I sought thee through the world, and many an age,  
Lone wander'd; till one midday in the air  
On Himalayan heights, <sup>(3)</sup> from thence to reach  
The cradle of my race, there lay me down  
And be the last, thy mournful voice I heard,  
And knew 'twas thine. It came o'er land and sea,  
As though to all the ages it had cri'd,  
Both passed and coming, in its wide appeal:  
It reach'd earth's center and the throne of God;  
It wak'd the silent tenants of the tomb;  
It made the gluttonous monsters of the main  
With frightened eyes deliver up their prey,  
And Locklan heroes shrink from foeman's skulls,  
To taste the blood draught in Valhalla's hall.”  
She spake; but Eire, interposing bland:  
“I cri'd, and felt that prophecy went forth

From my strain'd heart's appeal ; and in that heart  
Wert thou and Banba with th' afflicted Gael,  
Slaughter and exile ; but thou spir't of truth !  
Recount the anguish of thy burden'd soul ;  
My people's thralldom 'neath the foreign yoke,  
Their warfare and their doom'd adversity.  
For I have felt the blows unseen, and bled  
An age and half an age, which by the moons,  
I reckon'd since the Dragon fiend, unloos'd,  
Ravag'd my empire." Thus the queen, unmov'd  
To outward seeming, lur'd close wisdom's tongue,  
More bold to treat with wounded majesty :

"I am thy spirit, Eire ! half, not all :  
So by my weak side judging thee, I deem'd  
Thy fated days fulfill'd, when time had fetched  
Calamity with lightning fire to char  
Thy oaken virtue, or with drought to blight  
The constant and the prime ; nor brook'd my heart  
To make thy dole worse pain ; but now I feel  
Thy god within me speak, and I recount  
The tale of later days since Cromwell's rage  
The tomb ingulf'd." Here love's unweeting truth  
May purge endurance more than mortal mould

Inherits, which outspoken, thus relates :

“Eire! thy tyrants perish; and Thou livest,  
Most strangely, not to triumph o’er their fall,  
But store thy sorrows. First, that monster power,  
Which slew the feeble king, foretasted death,  
Not by man’s hand, too harden’d for its stroke;  
But through the open gate, his spirit flew.  
But the king’s son restor’d, no regent mind  
Order’d his being; nay, the lower life,  
In purple robes, he led; and gratitude,  
None was to sweeten his base blood, or lift  
His coward sceptre; but the lustful flesh  
Hard-hearted sway’d: and hence the royal hand  
Favour’d the foe he fear’d and cool’d the friend;  
And thus thy claims dishonour’d. He is pass’d,  
And of his sire, a second son more mild,  
Remits the rage of conquest: without tears,  
Bread tasted not so bitter, life so stale;  
And for a season, holy fanes were fill’d,  
And hearth and glebe restor’d: delusion dire!  
For on the stubble stalk was propp’d his throne,  
A reed his sceptre, and his palsi’d hand,  
As unanointed as the dragon’s claw.

That late embowel'd thy realm; not by ill will,  
But imbecile and proud. And thus he reign'd  
Meanest of Kings and wrought upon thy chiefs  
T' espouse his brittle claim. But Netherland  
A champion sent, who seiz'd his diadem  
And triple glory quench'd, what time his lot  
On Boand's banks was cast; though troop'd the knights  
Of Gallia's king <sup>(4)</sup> around him, and the host  
Of thy Gadelean arms with Saxon join'd.  
For Heaven's long-sighted justice there pursu'd  
The offspring of that Stuart king, who led  
The heathen rout from Alba; they preferr'd  
Green foreign fields to native wilds, and seiz'd  
The birthright of Gadelean Heremon;  
Who now before their king, new lords prefer  
In battle, and new sovereign sway proclaim.

“I saw both hosts confronted on the plain;  
Riches and valour in their camps, the strength  
Of many realms, on Boand's banks array'd  
To battle for the crown the Tudor wore.  
'Twas in that season when the Lion vents  
His rage, and early by a lunar month,  
Ere Virgo leads the harvest moons, and rules

The sheaf and sickle, on a cloudless morn,  
Their snowy tents I saw ; their herds and flocks,  
And myriad steeds that chew'd the strengthening corn  
Of thy Orghillian fields. A mounted king,  
On either side the stream, a host commands.  
Out of their eyes came fear, and from their mouths,  
Authority that goads the files of war  
With duty's zeal ; unlike thy tribal hosts,  
Loose-leagued in wilful scorn of warlike lore ;  
Warmer in love, but lax in constancy,  
Who turn to slay thee when thy weari'd powers  
Recline, or envy's lack of brother's love  
Distempers their allegiance. But they serve  
Their foreign lord too well on Boand's stream ;  
Yea ! on his brow had kept the diadem ;  
Could victory e'er court a foolish king,  
Or wisdom bide with arrogance. But Oh !  
Thou wert not with them, Eire ! Battle now  
Strides onward, and in motion spread, I saw  
The foreign chivalry and starry wings ;  
And heard the chiding captains call aloud,  
Wheeling the legions, when the trumpet's tongue  
Wrinkles the lowering visage of grim war.

I saw their bounding chariots' fiery speed  
Glance in the sky, and steeds, like cloudy necks,  
That shake their manes in tempests, when the flash  
Displays the riders dark and terrible,  
Uplifting brand with horrid kingly plumes  
Of victory; soon veil'd in thunder cloud;  
To which the shouts of war seem hushed and shy,  
Letting the pealing of th' affrighted depths  
Alone proclaim the onset. Then thy heart  
Had beat thy breast, though mighty, for thy sons,  
The swift careering mounted knights to view,  
Along the raging river; mail and shield  
Discarded in the flash of thunderous fires,  
The arms of gods they fought with; either host  
Intent to cross where ford or shallow drift  
To onset leads: or on one field to see  
Such pomp of vari'd hosts, in arms and looks,  
So foreign fierce against the native Gael;  
From Bann and Mourne, (O ye once faithful streams!)  
From Thame and Humber, and the banks that flower  
Nether the ocean's brim. But sight of all,  
The most abhorr'd; to see the King they serv'd  
(As his grandsire, his mother queen forsook)

Desert thy faithful sons, had mov'd to spurn  
The dastard son, and change of sides declare;  
If wrongs could ever steel, or fickle faith  
Inhabit thy grand soul. But in retreat,  
Scarce yield the Clanna Gael; whose deeds in arms  
Had not conflicting fate their cause repell'd,  
Display'd the native hero of the heart,  
To paint the image of recorded time,  
And reinstate the substance of its worth.  
From which my thought inferr'd, that angry fate,  
With gleam of hope, in penitence long tri'd,  
Tempers their punishment for wonderous end,  
As Banba in the stars, mysterious read.  
For in their midst a chief paternal rose,  
Mann'd with the spirit of Fardora's son;  
Sarsfield, who in the Dalgais city planted  
His gather'd strength, and from the solid towers  
Repuls'd the Netherland: but fate would rule,  
Not by San Ruth, thy Gaulish captain slain  
At Aughrim, with whose fall starr'd victory  
Dropp'd from his banner's wings and left thy sons  
Landless and bare; no, no! 'twas Saxon guile,  
Their oldest, deadliest weapon, that could force

Lumneach's strong towers on Shannon's banks, that bluff'd  
The fiery siege, to yield to perjurd writ  
And terms of peace forsworn: defeat the lot  
And penalty of faith; remorse and shame,  
Exile or serfdom for thy kingly sons;  
Conquer'd by less than slaves, with falsehood arm'd,  
Whom swords had made thy suppliants." (5) Here her  
voice,

Chok'd with the horrors of a stricken race,  
Ceas'd and the nation's mother felt a shock;  
Such as Queen Nature, in her universe,  
May fright, when by eclypse with earthquake join'd,  
Push'd from her seat, she doubts her powers to right  
The balance of her reign; or discord fears  
In fire, or flood, or tempest. Shuddering seiz'd  
Her goddess limbs; her martial bosom sunk;  
The tears of ages fall from eyes o'erwatch'd  
And furrow'd cheeks, as on deserted land,  
The winter's rain; (her beauty ne'er impair'd,  
For that was of the soul) and in her breast,  
Such pangs as rend the mountains had dissolv'd  
Her rainbow crown and starry robe, and given  
To worms; had not th' Almighty set his hand

'Gainst woe's prediction and the doom of wrong,  
And interpos'd for wise futurity.  
But the Tribemonster's dolour, unrestrain'd,  
Passion'd with conscious guilt, thus vents its flame:

“O Eire! what taskmasters hath thy God  
Impos'd for penance o'er th' afflicted Gael:  
For surely, so discordant ne'er have sail'd  
In the same bark in life's o'ertroubl'd stream.  
How could they bide, and lifelong days endure  
The harshness of their born antipathies?  
As heartless frost hates ocean, and doth curb  
His bosom's joyous swell; as winter flays  
The may bloom, or with tyrannous lust would blight  
Her maidenhood; as east wind envies skies  
That summer human joys; as niggard churl  
Detests the hospitable house, and names,  
As riotous and waste, its pleanteousness;  
As senile palsy chideth vigorous youth;  
As the mouse hunter hates the high born hound  
That scours at bugle call the morning hills:  
So the base Saxon hates the noble Gael.  
Oh! how empower'd to shackle and ensnare!  
In appetite so gross, in soul so foul;

So vers'd in carnal cunning, and so cold;  
Timing our natural steps, till generous trust,  
Of gentle breed from old nobility,  
May twitch the balance in the soul's excess,  
And lapse toward human frailty. Greed the end,  
The ermin'd robber pageants in broad day,  
Unhidden crime, with law's solemnity;  
Our virtues daubs with vice, and vaunts his will,  
Civility's supreme interpreter  
Of heaven's plain dealing, and impartial judge  
In ruling of the world. 'Twas thus of yore,  
In time of truce, with thy confiding chiefs,  
Unarm'd, conferring on a lasting peace  
At Mulla-Mast, he conjur'd from the dark  
His ambush'd churls to slay the peacemakers: (6)  
The mounted mail'd on the defenceless fall;  
The sworded on th' unarm'd: that hill still mourns:  
Hills have long memories: or at the feast  
With hospitable show, when cheer was high,  
Throttld the guest, and gave the wintry gibbet,  
Feed on his quarter'd corse. Eire, thy God  
Forsakes thee! or he sleepeth on the way  
That leadeth to this sorrow-teeming land;

Or that Eternal, which befriended thee  
In prosperous days, hath feeble grown with age,  
Or through duration pass'd, that hath interr'd  
A Universe of finite deities.  
Else, how can wrong foretaste the palpable;  
Justice, the visionary?" But the Queen,  
In patience still unmov'd, his rashness chides  
In mild rebuke, though grave: "Son of the spear!  
Meddle not thou with mystery; but keep,  
In zeal without excess, thy guardian watch.  
The spirit on high immortal reigns, whose years  
Grow younger with endurance: by His throne,  
Judgment and Mercy, His prime ministers.  
But Justice none discerneth in God's ire;  
Till mitigating mercy hides the sword,  
Pleading paternal stripes in penitence,  
To punish whom He loves, and drains her font  
Of ruth on their distress." The Tribemonster  
Rejoins, but reverential, muttering low:  
"Thou art the myst'ry that unmystifies  
All else in worlds unknown; for to our view,  
Th' inscrutable in thee, thou living wonder!  
Gives substance to th' unseen. Now lend thine ear:

O Thou fair mountain, pastur'd high and crown'd  
With guardian oaks, that scare the eastern blight  
From new-shorn flocks! watering the lowland dales,  
That to thy blessing owe their fruitfulness;  
Now, lest a shudder from earth's central fire  
Thy foot subvert; one arm unnerv'd on high,  
With eyes erect, and one outstretch'd beneath,  
On earth's hard bosom break thy helpless fall;  
I pray thee now, petition thy great god,  
With foresight care, to stay thy pedestal,  
And save us all: for e'en in Fohla's brow,  
Though fair, calamity and death I trace."  
He spake unanswer'd; and the fearless queen  
The tender Fohla's labouring doubt dispels:

"Thou lov'd one! I command thee, speak and ope  
My wrongs unto the very heart of Heaven;  
For heaven's deep sympathy is soul to soul:  
My grief He knoweth not, if not in me,  
It rendereth my submission; thither rais'd,  
Lift all the imagery of thy sighs:  
Speak thou for me to heaven." She spake, and straight  
Wise Fohla's lips, to holy obedience bound,  
In painful truth the mournful tale resumes:

“First, Sarsfield, in the nation’s covenant,  
Yielded the fated towers, in peace to gain  
With honour all that glorious war could hope;  
God’s temples free, and hearth and glebe restor’d  
The old inheritor, in peace to dwell  
E’en with the Saxon, on fair Banba’s soil:  
Or would thy warrior sons, in foreign clime,  
The Gaulish monarch serve, <sup>(7)</sup> with spouse and child  
In goodly keels, with ample store, convey’d  
Over the southern sea; the Saxon faith  
To either course was plighted. Hence, the Gael  
In arms, with banners waving, quit the towers,  
The covenant of peace; and few at home  
Bide with the Saxon; for that mighty host,  
Mindful of foul and grievous perfidies  
From oldest time, cleave to the Gaulish king,  
And in the loss of thee were comforted  
With babe and spouse; which, at the parting hour,  
The Saxon faith forswore, lest many ’scape  
His hateful yoke, and Sarsfield’s ear to wound  
With woman’s wail, forsaken; keener pangs  
Than later, pierc’d his heart by Landen’s stream.

Lo, the pale throng with nursing paps, that flee

The bloodless famine on the clamorous shore,  
From Heber's plains! Wives of the brave, lament!  
Woe, either way ye turn: Ah, how forsake  
The ancient sire and dame, the fatherland  
Of youth and kindred? Exil'd ever more!  
Cleave to your spouse, his destin'd land your home!  
This hour he parts: haste, haste! high tide is full:  
The anchor'd keels are in the cove, the hulls,  
Over the rock-bound haven of the Lee,  
Black as the hearts within them, cast their shade.  
The long boats on the strand, the swarthy crews  
With Saxon faith forsworn, now captive bear  
Your soldier to the wars of foreign kings,  
Alone, to sleep his last in foreign clay;  
That infancy ere morning gloom may feel  
Its orphanage, and wife, her widowhood.

"See, see upon the rocky beach, the flight,  
The fall, the bruise, the rage, and the distress  
That pales the hindmost in the strife of speed;  
As though the quaking earth had cri'd aloud,  
'Seek refuge in the deep.' Behold afar  
Mother and babe, how plunge the surf; behold  
The drowning grasp at hands put forth to save;

Hands, in their conflict with the armed crew,  
Unarm'd, to cast aside th' uplifted oar  
That falls with malediction on the heads  
With foamy locks afloat, and gaping jaws,  
Fac'd upwards, piteous for the breath of heaven.  
Hark to the wail of womanhood, that calls  
Names, they forever part, with mercy cries  
To thy god's ear, if pity yet he bears;  
Or, as his wont, the widow's curse he pens  
In everlasting annals. Sight abhorr'd!  
O sundered worse than death! the Gael estrang'd,  
Now flee thy face lov'd Eire! as thou wert  
Life's dreaded foe. Behold the clapping hands,  
When wild escape repuls'd by ocean's scowl,  
Is forc'd to bide with thee; the streaming heads,  
Turn'd back despairing. From the baleful shore  
They stare upon the wide-dissevering sea  
And heave their widow sighs. All-bearing Earth!  
And life-reviving Sun! heard Ye that wail  
Of Eire's desolate daughters, in the prime  
And spreading leaf, and in the virgin bud,  
And the white lili'd love of sisterhood,

And spouse, forlorn, without responsive sign,  
Or sympathetic message to console  
Your neighboring universe of human woe?"

Here Fohla's gentle voice, to silence mute  
Deceas'd, as if such influence invok'd  
Had chid her grief; but in the sinking sun  
None was; but coldness from his misty eye,  
Cast on the queen's pale cheek, betray'd her pain,  
Portentous as of death, which coming night  
May fetch. Now Eire on the rugged steep,  
Her robe the starry night with zodiac signs,  
Her arms and breast of Hyperborean snow,  
Backward, in Fohla's soft embrace reclines;  
As though a goddess turn'd to stone, that rul'd  
Long o'er that stormy coast, a sacred sign,  
Propitious to the homeward mariner,  
Wasted by mining frost and chilly watch  
Mid the corroding elements, at last,  
Can sink upon its monument. Her gaze  
The falling sun pursues, while Fohla's eyes  
Sprinkle her frigid brow. But dying day,  
With morn so near, is only as sorrow dies

When hope appeareth; so in Eire's breast,  
Hope is the heart of courage, where at home  
Meek Patience first she met and taught to smile.  
Hope is the council chamber of the soul,  
The ecstasy of foretaste and the life  
There pictur'd, as no dream hath e'er conceiv'd.  
Hope is an angel spirit, nam'd on high,  
Benevolence, which Faith had call'd to earth,  
Her needful help, a world of darkling tears  
To dry, or penitential, waft above,  
Like morning dews, softening the eye of heaven.  
But Fohla now, from grief intense awak'd,  
Beholds at deepening eve an instant phase  
Come o'er the Queen's pale lineaments; her glance  
Outlives the dying orb, and her weird hand  
Beacons Hy-Brassail from the crimson sea;  
She speaks triumphant: "Sister, now receive  
The greeting of the mighty! Lo, they come.  
Give all thy soul its burning white to match  
Th' outpouring of that blaze of heroes' fire:  
Hail them, thou bard divine!" Such hope inspir'd  
By grief-begotten vision, rais'd full height,  
The majesty of woe; in might surpassing

Morega, or the Amazonian Meve,  
Borne in her chariot on Murthevney's plain,  
When Olnemacta rush'd in arms to meet  
Cuhulland and his Red Branch chivalry.  
Then thus, her heart elate, its ardour pours:

“All Hail, my sons in arms! from foreign lands,  
Unto my bosom sav'd; from this blown peak  
I greet ye; for your tender thoughts of late  
Are on me, and before my startl'd gaze,  
With visitations in my specular dreams,  
Ye come and go. And though your fate unheard  
On this, my silent hermitage, ye know,  
Ye feel my woes, no breadth of seas can hide;  
Which, were ye buri'd, would have burst the tombs  
My servile bonds to break, and o'er your race  
My ancient reign restore.” She spake, and strode  
With stature vast upon the beetling alp:  
Brighter her crown, and her Ogygian locks  
More dark and queenly wav'd; her broad, white arms  
Expanded for embrace; her orbs with fire  
Beam'd love and pride upon the airy host  
Beneath her altitude. “O, Fohla! see  
The ponderous chariots of the foreign king

'They fetch, to match the lightning of our foe  
With bolted flames; and hark how fearful roars  
The universe, and trembles at the siege.

How can the deep uphold them? E'n his waves  
Hide their gray beards; and timid ocean's face,  
In frightful calm, no angry scowl puts on.

"Fohla, thou know'st their looks, their equipage,  
Their lineage and their fame; say, who are those  
Unarm'd, but with such power endu'd to spread  
Heaven's rumour o'er the deep, and wield at will  
His chariots thunder-stor'd, the arms of gods  
They fight with? There, the primal chiefs among,  
Point out great Sarsfield, that my soul may feel  
Doth he remind me of Fardora's son,  
My best lov'd; when by the Avonmore  
He yok'd my chariot to the rising morn,  
At noon to glory o'er the Saxon's fall.  
Oh! what a realm of hosts! what godlike arms!  
What hope of sunburst!" Thus her frenzy rul'd,  
As if earth, opening to her will, did yield,  
Out of the rock and the invisible air,  
The semblance of a multitude she knew,  
Peopling her ecstasy. "But they depart:

Oh! whither, whither? Fohla! to what shore?  
If thou hast call'd them forth, now stay their flight!  
Leave me not worse than widow'd: childless Eire!  
For I would nurse their babes on my scarr'd breast;  
Suckle them with my sorrows; and mature  
A young, victorious Gael on Banba's plains.  
Speak, Fohla! Whither are my heroes gone?"  
She ceas'd; but the belov'd one, stricken mute,  
Watching her heaving motions and her eyes  
At distance set, while to and fro she pac'd  
The rugged eminence, at last, half heard:

"Blind world of woe! Thou bitest in my zeal  
To heel thee. Alas! ill-starr'd to heal or soothe!  
That vex'd the rankling venom of a wound  
In probing: leech, in nature's scroll unread,  
Would'st wilder the stray'd mind, uncomforted,  
To diet on the madness of its ills!  
I should have known her god had fail'd her; known,  
Her rival virtues, how the gods displease.  
Great heaven! hence have I ruin'd all I priz'd?  
Or is it of thy deed, and must I live  
In blameless guilt to mourn? O, willing guilt!  
How lighter in thy punishment condign

Than innocent and evil, its own judge  
And torturer! Enough, now Eire lost,  
Welcome ye Scythian groves that hide the sun!  
Ye night shades of the Himalayan plains,  
The cradle of my race, where late I lay,  
My peace to mingle with my fathers' gods  
In their sepulchral mounds. Ye gods that sleep!  
Awake, and call me to the peace of dreams:  
Behold, I come." Thus, love lent wisdom tears  
To sorrow, self-accus'd, with wilder plaint  
Than Eire murmur'd in grief's ecstasy.  
Which, when the cause of all their woe, the ag'd,  
Infirm and bruis'd Tribemonster, heard and saw,  
Remorseful of such reverend misery,  
No dream could vision, on the Saxon race,  
The imprecation of his wrath, he pours:

"Now burst and rain down blood, Ye thunder clouds,  
Startle the caves in the profoundest deep!  
Revile the skies, ye earthquakes! that they suffer  
Demons, so adverse to their pulsing fires,  
To freeze earth's visage, that your sulphurous breath  
Were kindly heat unto her quaking frame:  
Lament the moans of virtue, and condole

With injur'd justice; let not such things be,  
With nature mute as heaven: and O, Thou Death!  
Open thy mouth in judgment: hast thou racks,  
So inconceivably with horrors stor'd  
In the hereafter, that earth's punishment  
Were immaterial, and man-fiends may pass  
Into the grave without the visible scourge  
Of the world's execration and the sword?

“No, no! Thou torturer! Shew us in the flesh  
Their retribution; and let loose upon them,  
Out of thy open sepulchers, a plague,  
With famine wing'd, implacable to waste  
The cannibals of men. Upon their homes,  
Ye red winds of the Druid hills! let fall  
Your plagues irreconcilable with rest,  
On those, the bed of tears its rest deny.  
Despoil their pelf; disperse their sons, barefoot;  
The jest of nations, who in winter's frost  
Shall scorn their nakedness, and from the door:  
'Live on your gains, ye money bags! who naught  
But bestial greed have taught the centuries;  
Who for your bellies a whole world would slay.'  
Or to their begging, give them bitter alms;

Offal, to suit their soul's deformity.

“I can forgive the tongue that stings my pride,  
And blights my fame; the hand that spills my blood;  
Binds me with osiers to the gnarled oak;  
That spits my babes before my eyes, and lays  
My roof in ashes; if a single tear  
Water repentance, sparse but arable;  
Such as a human growth in season bears.  
But the man fiend that slays me every day;  
That threats at morn what tears the night shall bring,  
And e'en at night, the morrow; outrag'd Heaven!  
In whose defiance he plagues me, for his crime,  
Forgiveness hath no part: in future life,  
(If such for him there be) may cruel gods  
Feast on him every day, in their dark hall  
Where he in vain shall call on death to end him;  
And live devour'd, to curse the life he led,  
And the first day that gave it, and the womb'  
That bore him, and the paps that gave him suck,  
Then should th' accursed creature, in his pangs,  
Mention thy name, Fond Mercy! O, may then,  
A loathsome ghost extend a hissing spear,  
Tainted with fire, and keen to slit his tongue!

O Eire! had I known thy God, I might  
Beseemingly obtain their punishment,  
Invoking the right curse." Then Eire spake,  
From transport of ecstatic grief return'd,  
Collect'd, and her solemn thought confess'd:

"But He would have forgiveness, whom they call  
Of virgin born, and mightiest conqueror:  
E'en he forgives his enemies, and sees  
His image in our lowliness portray'd,  
And in our patience glories. Trust not thou  
The malediction of the broken heart,  
Thy wrongs' avenger; for, be sure, as much  
Is scor'd, so much is bought, to balance fair  
The curser and th' accurs'd: the time may come  
When foes may yet be friends, when bonds we burst,  
And freedom ties the knot with willing hands;  
For only in freedom's breast true friendship dwells."

Thus spake the Queen, proud in adversity,  
Majestic in the lowly heart of love  
Unmeasur'd by th' illimitable waves.  
But at that word, forgiveness, tears were shed:  
For now, the dire Tribemonster, near his end,  
Clear-sighted of the past, and penitent,

Desiring death, his poniard bare in hand,  
To whom his crimes dethron'd, compunctious turn'd  
Infirmities and moans on knees bare-boned:

“Eire, Thou vision of a purer world  
Than all earth's kingdoms shew!” the old man said:  
“Thou softening eye, that melts for all! Thou heart,  
Unfathom'd in its tidal sympathies.

How can they bruise thy grandest womanhood?  
How pierce that mother's breast that never sin'd?  
For me that wrong'd thee, here I lowly crave  
Forgiveness; I, thy worst, thy nearest foe.  
Look down upon me, for I mean to part  
Where I shall see thy sorrow never more.  
Now pray thy God: this wither'd brow remould  
To hero's scathful frown; this palsi'd arm  
With lusty youth refresh, that I may die,  
Wreaking God's vengeance on the wrongs that made  
Thy rueful orbs so sunken, and thy flesh  
Scarce clothing the scourg'd ribs of penitence.  
Or take this steel, my Queen! and at thy feet  
This life dispatch; and be the hand I love  
The just avenger of my treason crimes,  
Unnatural, and shame that cheer'd thy foes.

Pity the furrowing tears, the hoary locks,  
The godless youth, and the requited eld,  
This felon heart consume. Now grasp the steel:  
Death from the hand belov'd and falsely serv'd,  
Blesses the victim on this altar stone."

He said, but Eire's hand his poniard sheath'd,  
Low bending o'er him, and his matted locks  
Caress'd, and upward turn'd his rugged brow,  
And fac'd it, tear for tear; and deep immers'd  
In the old man's decline, consoling words,  
All that she had, she gave: "Thou warrior gray!  
The mother of thy grief bids thee take heart:  
Remorse were fruitless bitter, save to bring  
The past, as tutor to the coming age.  
Deem not, like fortune's minion, patient worth  
An outcast, or reverse a fatal fall;  
Nor with thy sword beat on the gate of death  
For entrance, as the conquer'd only use;  
But guard me while I count the wintry moons,  
And wait returning spring of primal days:  
And if with time thou cope, thy maxim take;  
Outlive him, and his seed will honour thee:  
For though the hands are bound, th' unfetter'd mind,

In dungeon close, resistless arms may forge."

She spake, and with serene affection turning,  
Fohla in tears she finds; earth's clearest mould  
In heavenly form and grace, in mourning droop'd,  
With vesper on her sunny breast and brow.  
Then as a glorious shape, in stature vast,  
At sunset sinking to his couch, bends o'er  
The weari'd Titan, ere the lights turn gray;  
In dreams of dawn she lulls him, and inspires  
With victory and full of days to come,  
And glories never gone, and gives repose:  
So Eire, lifted o'er the purple sea,  
With rainbow crown and zodiac cluster'd robe,  
A nation 'gainst the gloom of death defends.  
On bended knee inclin'd, sad Fohla's hand,  
She eases of her Ogham scroll, and lays  
Her sweetness to her lips, and thus resumes:

"O World, ice-hearted, stony-eyed and deaf  
To understanding! Wisdom in tears behold!  
Rejected, stripp'd, and hunger'd by the hands  
Of thy retainers; most appealing sight  
For heaven to pity; whom thy courtiers mock  
And banter as they feast! Fohla! thy tears

For thy lov'd Eire are the tribute old  
Which right must yield injustice, when he wars  
With virtue, girt with crime's outnumbering bands,  
And leads her captive. Wisdom, dry thy tears!  
And sing, Thou clear, far-seeing bard of light,  
Such lays as seer or Ollave never tun'd,  
Or in exalted soul so lowly wise.  
Sing on, and brighten as of old, thy brow:  
For was it not by thee, I reconcil'd,  
In the first glories of my Island reign,  
The Danaan fathers to the conquering Gael,  
And sav'd the Firbolg from the sword? By thee,  
I scar'd the Roman eagles from our plains;  
Lords of the world? By thy great soul inspir'd,  
I rais'd high Tara's seat of arts and arms,  
Laws, lineage, annals, games, and knightly feats  
Of chivalry; sweetening the feast of kings  
With music and fair women in their bloom:  
Till Druid, Ollave, bard, with sacred lore,  
Recall'd heaven's absent face to fallen men,  
And drew barbaric nations here, to share  
The light of a far fam'd civility."

She spake, and her majestic form, ascending

High on the rocky foreland o'er the sea,  
Where winds now rest their wings, and wait the call  
Of tempests, there she meditates her doom;  
Till silence darkens, when the soul hath eyes,  
Clearer than day, his light: her spangled train,  
Her spearman follows, Fohla by her side;  
Her orbs erect, as regent on her brow  
Shine forth, as two first magnitudes in heaven;  
With which, in the serene of night, she reads  
A dream, which, in the heart begun, ne'er wakes  
Till letter'd in the skies; and thus, the score  
Her soul interprets: "Fohla, watch the night!  
And with that faith that moves the mountains, gaze,  
While Doom is passing through the wistful stars,  
Goading the footpace of a tottering power  
Before the dreadful shadow, and conclude:  
This Destin'd Isle he parts, and of his reign.  
Leaves but the buri'd traces; as of old,  
The stub roots of a hewn-down wilderness,  
For Banba's plough to root from the subsoil  
And burn, to fertilize a land reclaim'd."

She ceas'd, but in deep meditation rapt,  
Her voice returns: "Meanwhile, Bright spirit! seek

In foreign lands, good tidings of my sons,  
Whom the great king hath priz'd; yea, whom the Christ  
Hath scatter'd for his ends: what feats heroic,  
Worthy of former worth, unto these arms  
Restore them, and my long night watch relieve."  
Such words of hope, of deep submission sprung,  
The night watch eas'd, and Fohla comforted;  
In naught abash'd that Eire's heart supreme  
Her wisdom counsell'd and lost courage rais'd;  
And with farewell prophetic words combin'd:

"I can foresee thy boundless heart restore  
The pulseless torpor of a nation's fall,  
Beyond all wisdom, and her temporal death,  
To life immortal." Thus the gentle sage;  
And as she came, so parts: as we have seen  
A snowy sail in twilight mist approach  
And flee the shoal reef and the moaning shore,  
Slop'd outward on her beam: aërial form,  
Half seen and vanish'd, seaward on its wings;  
So swift and white, doubtful to fancy's thought.

Meanwhile, great admiration of that faith,  
Fruitful of hope and love, which Eire's breast  
Long years had nurs'd, gan seize the skies beyond

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The gold and emerald stars : wing'd powers were seen,  
Bearing celestial armoury to match  
Her tempter in the strife ; and angel's eyes  
Gaz'd fervently upon the court of stars,  
Unmuff'd in their tearful sympathies.

And now, Mac Alpruin, from the knees of Christ,  
Where he had knelt, approach'd in open view,  
The judgment and the congregated hosts,  
And straight, without preamble, thus began :

“Ye hosts, in judgment seated on these orbs !  
Offspring of heaven, earth born ! In my sojourn  
Upon the desert, heavenly visions gave  
Mine eyes, the light of Eire's future days ;  
Wonderous to tell ! when carnal strife in arms  
Upon her plains, rather than peace, upholds  
The Eight Beatitudes : in time begun  
When Tudor's crime put enmities between  
The reign of Christ and human liberty :  
Renounce Him, and her sons are free ; accept  
His easy yoke, exile and death their doom.  
But Oh ! what exile worse, what darker death  
Can them befall, than light of faith obscur'd ?  
Hope's mother there is slain ; what darker death,

With stars put out, the cold heart turn'd awry  
From the soul's heavenly light, that giveth peace,  
And cast upon the earth, seeks peace where such  
Hath ne'er abode, and never. Happy they,  
Who by the sword were slain, and slept with God:  
For where their blood sunk in the soil, up sprung  
A mystic growth, with double stem, that flower'd  
In Erin, and her people comforted  
In all their sorrow, till they brought it forth  
To nations of the West and of the East;  
And where their faith was known, their wrongs were heard:  
So wonderful was their destiny ordain'd!  
Of that live faith, baptiz'd in heroes' blood,  
Behold the great defender and the field!  
At Yellow Ford, Fardora's son in arms.

“Ye Powers to judgment call'd! I justly crave,  
Award the double victory, and pray:  
As in the Cross, so also in the Crown,  
They lust not as the nations; but with love,  
Honour the Cross abundantly in hearts  
And temples, of their wealth; as emulous  
For homes in heaven, their sires had found, for those  
On earth they lost; and their great spirit keep.”

He spake, and pensive contemplation held  
The winged Powers, with muted harp and song,  
In expectation of triumphant woe:  
But the elect Beatitudes, severe,  
Upon the starry seats their judgment stay'd.

# Notes.

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1. In Ogham grav'd: "Besides the common characters, the Ancient Irish used various occult or artificial methods of writing called Ogham, in which they wrote their secret and mysterious affairs. I have an old book filled with them. The letters themselves were anciently called Feadha, i.e., woods." Sir James Ware. Irish Antiquities.

"Ogham" writing (in Irish "Oghan Chraov") was an occult manner of writing on wood, or stone, used by the ancient Irish ("Ogham": Irish, secret writing, and "Chraov," a bough or branch of a tree); and was the mystic species of writing employed by the Druids. Connelan's Irish Grammar.

2. The peaceful Ith: "In the reign of Miled a great dearth and famine occurred in Spain, of twenty-six years' continuance, occasioned, as well by reason of the former troubles which hindered the people from cultivating and manuring the landsground, as for want of rain to moisten the earth; but Miled believed the famine to have fallen upon him and his people as a judgment and punishment from their gods, for their negligence in seeking out the country destined for their final abode, so long before foretold by Cachear, their Druid or magician, as already mentioned; the time limited by the prophecy for the accomplishment thereof being now nearly, if not fully expired. To expiate his fault and to comply with the will of the gods, Miled, with the general approbation of his people, sent his Uncle Ithe with his son Lugad, and one hundred and

fifty stout men to bring them an account of those western islands; who, accordingly, arriving at the island since called Ireland, and landing in that part of it now called Munster, left his son with fifty of his men to guard the ship and with the rest travelled about the island. Informed, among other things, that the three sons of Cearmad, called Mac-Cuill, and Mac-Ceacht, and Mac-Creine, did then and for thirty years before rule and govern the island, each for one year in his turn; and that the country was called after the names of their three queens, Eire, Folah and Banbha, respectively: one year called 'Eire,' the next 'Folah,' and the next 'Banbha,' as their husbands reigned in their regular turns; by which means the island is ever since indifferently called, but most commonly Eire, because that Mac-Cuill, the husband of Eire, ruled and governed the country in his turn the year that the Clan-na-Miled, or the sons of Miled, arrived and conquered Ireland. When Ithe arrived where the (Danan) brothers were, he was honourably received and entertained by them; and finding him to be a man of great wisdom and knowledge, they referred their disputes to him for decision. But no sooner was he gone than the brothers began to reflect on the high commendation which Ithe gave of the island, and, suspecting his design of bringing others to invade it, resolved to prevent him, and therefore pursued him with a strong party, overtook him, fought and routed his men and wounded himself to death at a place called from that fight and his name, 'Magh Ithe,' or the Plain in the barony of Raphoe, county of Donegal; whence his son, having found him in that condition, brought his dead and mangled body back to Spain, and there exposed it to public view, thereby to excite his friends and relations to avenge the murder.

"The Irish chroniclers observe that all the invaders and planters of Ireland, namely, Partholanus, Nemedius, Firvolgians, Tua-de-Danans, and Clan-na-Miled, were originally Scythians of the line of Japhet, who had the language

called Bearla-Tobbai or Caelic common amongst them all." Irish Pedigrees. O'Hart. Vol. I., p. 42, vide "The Milesian Conquest of Ireland." Keating. Hist. O'Grady, Hist. Ire., ch. XVII. O'Flaherty's Ogygla.

3. Himalayan heights: "Scythia was divided into two large portions, European and Asiatic: the former extending along the north of the Danube and the Euxine; the latter, beyond the Caspian sea and the river Jaxartes, now Siboon. Scythia in Asia was divided by the chain of the Imaus mountains or Baloor Tag, a branch projecting north from the Indian Caucasus, now the Hindoo Cush, or western part of the Himalayas. These divisions were distinguished by the names of Scythia intra and extra Imaum. Ancient Scythia included all the country to the north to the Hyperborean or Frozen Ocean, and eastward as far as the Seres, on the west of China: an immense region, but still not commensurate with the whole of what is now called Tartary, which extends to the north and west of China as far as the mouth of the Amoor. Moving to the west, the Scythians settled in Scythia in Europe; that vast extent of country north of the Danube and Black Sea, and embracing what is now known as European Russia." O'Hart's Irish Pedigrees. Vol. I., p. 14.

4. Callia's King: "It was in the spring of 1690, the second year of the Revolution in Ireland, that the formation of the force styled 'the Irish Brigade in the Service of France,' was commenced, by the arrival there, of the first Irish regiments belonging to that corps...."

"James requiring the prestige and example of a corps of French soldiers in Ireland as some set off against the numbers of Continental veterans in William's army, and Louis being so pressed near home by the League of Augsburg,

that he required as many men from James as might compensate, as far as possible, for the force forwarded to Ireland—the Irish had to send to France, on board the same fleet which had brought over Lauzun's contingent, the body of troops before referred to, as the origin of the Irish Brigade in the French service....

"Those troops, according to their first formation, or on their embarkation in Ireland and landing in France, consisted of five infantry regiments, whose colonels were Lieutenant-General Justin MacCarthy, Lord Viscount Mountcashel, the Honorable Colonel Daniel O'Brien, and the Honourable Colonel Arthur Dillon. According to the arrangements made for those regiments with the French government by Lord Mountcashel, the officers and soldiers were to have strangers, or higher pay than that of the French soldiery." O'Callaghan. *Irish Brigades*, p. 7-8.

5. "Thy suppliants." See MacGeoghegan *Articles of the Treaty of Limerick*, ch. LI., p. 601-613.

6. To slay the peace-makers: "The heads of the Irish families of Leix and Offaly were invited in the queen's name, and under her protection, to attend a meeting or conference in the great rath on the hill of Mullamast (Mullach-Maistean), in the county of Kildare, and about four hundred of them obeyed the summons. The Irish annalists assert that they were people who had remained on friendly terms with the English, and that they had been summoned to show themselves with the greatest numbers they could bring with them. Some of them may have been implicated in the revolt of Rory Oge, who was then verging towards his fall; but no special provocation is alleged against them, and at all events, they came to the meeting under the guarantee of the royal protection; no sooner, however, had they assembled in the great rath than they were encompassed by a treble line of the queen's garrison

soldiers, and all of them, to a man, most inhumanly butchered in cold blood; and this atrocious act was committed with the cognizance and approval of the queen's deputy in Ireland, Sir Henry Sidney." Haverty's *Hist. Ireland*, p. 409.

The feast: "Walter (not Robert) Earl of Essex, on the conclusion of a peace, invited Brian O'Neill of Clanaboy with a great number of his relations to an entertainment, where they lived together in great harmony, making good cheer for three days and nights; when on a sudden O'Neill was surprised with an arrest together with his brother and his wife, by the Earl's orders. His friends were put to the sword before his face, nor were the women and children spared. He was himself, with his brother and wife, sent to Dublin, where they were cut up in quarters." O'Connell's *Memoir of Ireland*.

7. The Caulish King: "Of the Irish forces, amounting to about 19,000 men and officers, who, from the conclusion of the Treaty of Limerick, in October, 1691, to the month of January, 1692, left their country in successive embarkations for France, it has already been stated, that those who were to act under the King James commission, as his army or, so far, as a distinct force from Lord Mountcashel's Brigade, and others of their countrymen in the French service—were to be divided into two troops of Horse Guards, two regiments of Horse, two regiments of Dragoons, a pied, or dismounted, in order to serve as Infantry, eight regiments of Foot (these making between them fifteen battalions) and, finally, three independent Companies of Foot. The heads of the original Capitulation or agreement between Louis XIV. and James II., with reference to those troops, specified that they were to be, says the abbreviator of the document, 'under the command of James and of such General Officers as he should appoint. All the

officers were to receive their commissions from him, and the troops were to be subject only to such rules and discipline of war as he should appoint.' . . . 'That the king of Great Britain be at liberty, at any time hereafter to bring all, or such parts of the said forces, as he shall think fit, into any of His Majesty's dominions, or elsewhere, as he shall judge necessary or convenient.' " O'Callaghan, Irish Brigades.

8. I rais'd high Tara: "Heremon built the palace of Tara in honour of his Queen Tea, from whom it deriv'd the name of Teamore.

"It was an immense pile of wood, whose workmanship and architectural grandeur display'd the highest taste of Grecian art." Nicholson.

"The Milesian buildings, though compos'd of wood, were more elegant, more sumptuous, extensive and more beautiful to the eye than those erected of stone, on account of the various engravings in relievo, paintings, and the fine volutes that adorned the columns, sculptur'd from ponderous trees of oak. On this account the workmen and artists of Ireland have often been induced to abandon their own country and repair to Britain, where they raised many heathen temples before the introduction of Christianity." Ward.

"It appears that Cormac, the renowned Monarch of Ireland, A.D. 254, rebuilt the palace of Tara of marble, on an enlarged scale of grandeur. We may form some idea of its magnitude when we are told that it was five hundred feet in length, and ninety-five in breadth and sixty high. It was adorned with thirty porticoes. In the middle of the state-room hung a lantern of prodigious size, studded with 300 lamps; and the lodging apartments were furnished with a hundred and fifty beds, and the hospitable tables always

spread with delicious fare for 1,500 guests who daily partook of the royal banquet.

"There were three sideboards covered with golden and silver goblets, and the king was waited upon at table by a hundred and fifty of the most distinguished champions in the kingdom.

"The household troops, who were in constant duty, consisted of the royal 1,050 of the flower of the Irish army." Warner.

"Tara was once a stately palace as its ruins showeth today. It stood on a lofty hill in Meath which commands a most goodly prospect. The valleys are fertile and beautiful. In this palace the counties had their meetings of provincial kings, senators and poets." Holinshed's Chronicle.

"Primarily and essentially, the Isthmian and Olympian gatherings were not held for purposes of sport, but for commerce and adjustment of inter-tribal relations. But the more sensational and exhilarating character of any event tends to absorb in popular estimation all its other and more intimate characteristics. Thus the great Olympian and Isthmian gatherings are remembered as games, and not as fairs.

"In Ireland, in addition to the local and provincial fairs which took place frequently, there was held every third year, on the plains of Meath, one great fair, which surpassed all the rest in public importance. To the great triennial fair of Tara, held midway between north and south, the chiefs gathered from the most remote parts of the country. To violate this fair was the highest public offence known to our ancestors. The use of a weapon was punished with instant death, for which no Eric was or could be accepted. It was the jubilee season of the Irish; ancient prestige and reverence protected those who journeyed to

and from that fair, and wars were suspended during its celebration.

"From a small beginning the great Feis of Tara advanced in public importance, until it became for Ireland what the Olympian festival was to Greece." Standish O'Grady, *Hist. Ire.*, Vol. I., Chap. XII.

"Will it," says the liberal English writer, Dr. Warner, "be any longer doubted after this, whether the ancient Irish had any philosophy, literature, or arts in their pagan state? Will any critic in this country (England) any longer confidently assert, that the Irish had not the use of letters till after the arrival of St. Patrick, and the conversion of the island to Christianity? Ought we, Englishmen, not rather to take shame ourselves, that we have hitherto always treated that ancient, gallant people, with such illiberal contempt, who had the start of the Britons, for many ages, in arts and sciences, in learning and in laws."

"Anterior to the propagation of the Gospel in Ireland, our great monarch, Cormac McArt, was transcendantly pre-eminent above all others, in the third century, for his profound knowledge in the antiquity and jurisprudence of his country; the schools he endowed, the books he composed, and the laws he established, bear unquestionable testimony of his munificence, wisdom and learning." *Transactions of the Dublin Gaelic Society*,

## SCENE III.

Eire is tempted by the demon, Crom Cruah. Death of the Tribemonster. A voice from heaven. Eire's lament. Consoled by Fohla's account of the actions of her sons in the service of the Gaulish king. Banba brings back tidings of the great victory of Fontenoy and the response from the tombs of Dune. Descent of the three sisters from the rock of Arranmore to the sea, and their return to Slieve Blahma. Saint George addresses the umpire saints, who, having pronounced judgment, depart into heaven.

Thrice thirty winters, on the heedless Rock,  
The Queen's high seat, have blown. The scorching suns,  
The sleety nights, the cool foreboding stars,  
Their seasons rul'd, and wan'd; sea-faring moons  
Their voyage steer'd to distant climes of peace;  
E'en tempests found their rest; all suffer'd change,  
Save faith and sorrow with th' unshaken soul,  
Where Eire sits, more steadfast than her throne.  
But that faint hour of trial, which bare want  
And misery have burden'd toward the lapse

Of waning virtue, when the Dragon's wings  
Approach a human prey; that hour, e'en now,  
The tempter weens at hand, and hovers nigh:  
The same, that in like plight, Fardora's son  
Once drave, confounded, from the hell he feign'd,  
Back to his prison fires. But bolder thoughts  
Plead first adventure; hence, the tragic fiend  
Lights on the central figure of the scene  
His miscreant plot to mend. By his device,  
High heaven gan mingle with the foul abyss:  
The Sun himself, meridian, as in power,  
By age enfeebl'd, or in wrath, hath signs,  
Worse than eclipse or evil stars portend,  
Adverse to nature's laws. With limping halt,  
Midway he falters, and from noon to bronze,  
From purple stain to black, his omen lowers.  
The winds are dumb; the wave and cloud are sunk  
In either firmament; on the scant soil,  
The desert floret sleeps, and 'neath their wings,  
The rock fowl hide their bills. Around the Queen  
The marsh fire, in a vapory horror, coils,  
With poisonous exhalations fed, that quench  
All other light, save what the spirit within

Had stor'd; and 'mid the fen, a palsi'd voice  
Rustles close by her ear, with this fell mouth:

“O Thou, benighted offspring of the gods,  
Eire! high seated in the world alone.

Queen of the lawless winds and reckless waves;  
A rude democracy, that starve thy jaws,  
And mock thy airy sceptre. Lonely, and worse!  
Thy spearman cowering at thy stepless feet,  
Ill fam'd, because thy trusted minister:  
Thy bed, this flinty monolith, thy dreams,  
The midnight horror of forthcoming woe.

“Eire! now lay thy pale cheek on the rock,  
Where thy last tear is shed.” Here to his feet,  
Springs the Tribemonster old, and lifts his spear  
At shapeless cloud; but Eire bids him, peace,  
And yet the voice prevails: “Mother of kings!  
Thy royal stem hath shrunk, and now beseemeth  
A slender wand, the tyrant holds to point  
Thy splendours past; to spurn their tatter'd pride,  
And prick their bare bones. Yea, their golden writ,  
His breath hath moulder'd on their monuments;  
And now, the world's lost memory recks not of  
Thy grand historic days. Thy castles gray,

Where once thy great ones rul'd, like dogs estrang'd,  
Snarl at thy form and footsteps at the gate,  
Where Bana Thua long hath ceas'd to cry,  
And Desolation reigns, the seated king:  
Or else their towers, the Saxon horde have seiz'd,  
And nestl'd there; making their locks conform  
E'en to the savage instincts of their change,  
That warns far off their former lords, with frown  
Of armed battlement from recreant brows:  
Precincts of death, environs mourn'd and fear'd.

“Queen of the Scythian chariots with their gods  
That gave thy youth proud fame! now stoop thy brow,  
And muffl'd be in death thy passing sighs,  
In baleful marsh mist; lest thy agony,  
Unseemly and unpiti'd, reach their shades,  
To mockery of thy foreign deities,  
With service long and vain: dimness of vision,  
Gender'd in early days, thy ruin late,  
Which screen'd the pitfall of thy overthrow.

“Thou victim of strange gods! 'twas not the Dane  
Or Fohmer, with their idols, e'er defac'd  
Thy verdant Isle, lavish of nature's smile,  
In every feature, mountain, dale and grove,

For Druid lore and mystic rites rever'd,  
With oaklands of the roebuck and the deer,  
For building priz'd, or chase, a wealthy spoil;  
Its plains in story fam'd, where prosper'd long  
Ancestral roofs, well known to harvest moons,  
Bees, herds, and woolly flocks, refresh'd by streams  
Silvery with fish; its havens, once the home  
Of the civility of gentle breed,  
Commerce and art, where potentates and kings,  
Born of the sun, and to thy fathers' gods,  
In kindred worship join'd, unnumber'd keels  
In friendship moor'd; its kings, the people's choice,  
Of clear nobility; its stately halls  
Of feast and song, and memory of deeds,  
Harp'd by sweet bards and writ in chronicles.  
It was no panym hordes, poor Eire! none,  
But they that garbl'd hymns and knelt with thee  
At the same altar, and with incense prais'd  
Thy foreign god; 'twas they at last deflour'd  
Its native grace, and now thy vitals tear." (1)

Thus, in a gloom fog, with the creaking voice  
Of tall marsh reeds upon the breathless air,  
When winnow'd by the wings of geese or cranes,

Low bent in search of prey, the bloodless fiend,  
On deeds of impious men his proem founds;  
As though God's laws were null for disobey'd  
By men or angels: baseless plea, as faint  
As rustling reed; for Eire's luminous faith,  
Of light begotten, reck'd not how God's foes,  
Their blown or hidden malice may assert  
In argument or arms; and from her seat,  
Aloft in cloudy night, its light diffus'd:

“And who art thou, that with the fetid breath  
Of darkness and the subterranean fens,  
Woulds't puff thy being's emptiness on ears  
That loathe thy stagnant sense, and dare condole  
With blasphemies, my woe? Think not, dull Fiend!  
My pangs unsweeten'd, or my bosom dri'd  
For nursing other sons, whose arms restore  
Meadows and greenwood heights and summer leas.  
Avaunt thee, Tempter! to the blasted heath,  
Thy wisp fire pale betake and rede accurst;  
Lest ere thy given time, substantial pain,  
Invok'd by me, to lower depth and flame,  
Thy vapory being seize, engross'd and bound.”  
She spake, but unabash'd, the wily fiend,

Though with persuasion bad, in substance true:

“My voice is now a feeble breath, which once  
Thy reverence claim’d; when Dagda, awful sire,  
False daughter! could command the guardian storms  
Of Mananan and Lir, ’round Elga’s shores,  
Where thou wert scepter’d; and the gods of war,  
Moreega, Nemid, Macha raise in arms  
Around thy throne, ere thy desertion blind  
Me Crom, <sup>(2)</sup> defam’d, Crom, by the nations fear’d;  
And on the plain of adoration wrought  
The deicide, for which thy Christian zeal,  
Th’ inheritors of kings inhabit long  
The warren and the hut; and of strange lords.  
The hireling serfs, now swinck on vernal glebe  
Their fathers rul’d, in villain nakedness  
Revil’d; their impotent and rustic pride  
The sport of conquerors. To them enthrall’d,  
Thy meadows, greenwood heights, and harvest leas,  
Once native to endearing blessedness,  
A foreign land appear of tithe and toil,  
With entrail pinch’d and burden on the back,  
Where servile claims to worth and honours old  
Are fable deem’d in story. For the light

Of Fohla's ancient letter'd scores is lost  
To vassalage; and later knowledge brings  
Death's penalty: enduring darkness glooms  
Their hopes, their fate, their worship and their fame.  
Hence, their heroic names and Gaelic tongue,  
Fountain of bard and sage, that long refresh'd  
The nations, now, the terms of jest and gibe,  
The bravery of the castle fool at feast;  
The tune that makes men merry in their cups,  
Or fix the scornful eye: for such they live,  
Derided for their wrongs; and hence their claim  
To manhood, 'neath the garb of indigence  
And sordid reckoning of their lot on earth,  
By proof of former worth or lore—the jeer  
Of railers on the highways of the world.  
For them, no champion in their midst can rise;  
No father of their race, to fend or plead:  
For the slavemaster wields alone the power,  
Senate and camp, and from their state withholds  
Civility, with all her friendly train;  
Ships, commerce, kindly intercourse with realms,  
Well known to their ancestral sires, and writ  
In Fohla's ancient code: <sup>(3)</sup> in lieu whereof,

Th' extirping sword, the dungeon close and foul,  
The gibbet rope at grange and city wall;  
While all resisting force the famine gripes  
And hound pursues. So wrong'd them hath the world,  
Though by themselves worse wrong'd; for with long years,  
Privation hath its due oblivion wrought  
On manhood, and the sire the stripling yokes  
With many stripes, to discipline his ways  
To those that lord him; or repugnance blind  
So loathes the Saxon, that his way of life  
His state has made his choice; and as a slave  
He ploughs, or reaps, or builds, or clothes, or feeds.

“Thus on itself engendering, ignorance  
Breeds tyrannous obstruction. Then were light  
The goad and iron thrall, when with the grudge  
Of kindred serf compar'd; whose canine mouth  
His master's hand would lick and at the gate  
Growl at his mother's pups, however priz'd.  
For serfdom in its gloomy stare can see  
Naught of itself to raise by virtue's claim;  
And the slave's envy of the slave surmounts  
That of the mighty in their rival sway  
That strives for empire. Hence, with distant kings,

In war and wisdom, thy great sons are found;  
But none with thee: and hence, idolatrous  
Their temple justly nam'd, whose votaries  
The world's reproach condemns; for of their cast,  
None gentle arts pursue, no healing leech  
Is suffer'd; in the council hall of state,  
Outcast of men! no seat or voice have they:  
And like the wolf, the villain priest outruns  
The beagle's scent, or dies; and in the chase,  
Th' apostate son outwits his sire, and claims  
The livings patrimonial." Thus with voice  
Faint as the rustling reed, his devilish plea  
The demon urg'd; truthful as seer inspir'd  
To earth had ever spoke; with burden sad  
So fraught, so fram'd to Hell's dark policy,  
To gore the breast of Eire, and bedim  
The apparition bright she mirror'd there,  
Rob'd like a martyr; to whose constancy  
She turns, and from the tempter finds retreat  
To nurse resistance to its bursting forth.

But now the primal cause of Eire's woe,  
The grim Tribemonster, to that baleful dirge

Abandon'd, and by nature's stern retort  
Remorseful stung, bewails his sinful years,  
No pall of death may shroud, or hide their suns,  
That yet to ripe their fruitage rise, and warm  
Their seed accurs'd, after his days are done:  
Lost soul, whose testament the future scribe  
Shall grave like holy writ; new parable,  
As wanting to the text inspir'd, for all  
Gadelas' sons to read to latest time.  
The funeral mound of dole he rais'd them; now  
His life o'erwhelms; for ne'er shall worse distress  
Than that he caus'd, till nature's sense is mute,  
More keen to pierce the heart of centuries,  
Find utterance in this universe of tears.  
Thus, the Tribemonster king of Inisfail  
Render'd his tortur'd ghost, and pass'd from earth  
Unheeded; for the queen, with soul absorb'd,  
His moan heard not, or knew not whose, or whence;  
Nor of his passing due observance took  
The fiend, but still his impious breath exhales:  
"Thus thy new gods their worshippers empower,  
Inhuman laws and slavish bonds impose,  
Odious to Fohla's wisdom; but be thou

The forehead of the rising age; a queen  
Of liberal thought and large humanity,  
Scorning the broil of creeds, no merit claims  
In either world; and be thy native Gael,  
Thy god, thy faith, thy worship; or thyself,  
As born of thee, their sole divinity.  
For on thy brief resolve dispersion hangs,  
Or freedom smiles. Queen mother save thine own!  
Restore the Gael their rosy babes to play  
And feed on Banba's flowery breast; and grow  
To a great people 'mid the nations, fam'd  
In wealth and full of days, and proud in arms:  
For if with Christ they lose, afflicted Mother!  
Without him shall they gain; and if for him  
Men slay them, e'en without him shall they spare.  
Eire! take back the gods that carly bless'd  
Thy reign, when Banba, rich in herds and flocks,  
And Fohla, with the tables of her law,  
Were earth's divinities: strange gods forsake;  
Or else that liminary homage pay  
The Saxon serves withall." Thus bas'd on truth,  
Crom of the altars stain'd with human gore,  
His argument, an airy structure rais'd;

Nor carri'd truth so high, but with deceit  
Of vapory exhalation, friendship feign'd  
To counsel with God's friends, their inward thoughts,  
Admonish in the shade; and truth eterne  
Had still impugn'd; still, of his feeble cause  
Untaught, though by Fardora's son once gagg'd  
In his own hell he fram'd, and downward hurl'd,  
With fright and shame, unto the hell he fear'd.  
But Eire now confronts him with the faith  
In Him she nurtur'd, which unrighteous power  
Ne'er scath'd or conquered; kings or demons arm'd  
With all the progeny of time and change  
Swelling their legions. Her high will exert,  
Ere tongue could be heart's messenger to heaven,  
The tempter drave, and to the desert flower  
Brought light upon its cup, and mov'd the breeze,  
The rock fowl and the waters. In the rear  
Of that dense night departing, toward the skies  
With eyes devout, from her high seat she rose.  
The snow-white arms the Scythian mother spread,  
Ascending lit the sea, as thus in prayer,  
The giant breast its pent-up grief unbounds:

“Sire of the bleeding son, in whose bright court

Untimely death and mourning once abode!  
Thou know'st that from the night Mac Alpruin first  
Thy Christ proclaim'd with fire on Teamuir's hill,  
Where my ancestral gods their mansions held,  
With direful change to home and altars fear'd,  
These hands ne'er shed his blood; this will perverse  
Supplant'd never; or with treacherous aim  
Arm'd the resentment of those deities  
Against his coming reign! The world avows  
That in my sacred groves his temples rose;  
Wise Fohla's laws to his submission paid;  
My Druids were his tonsur'd eremites;  
My poets were his priests, my kings his saints,  
Whose halls of feast and song their splendours veil'd  
To keep his fasts; my harp its lays forgot,  
With all its bardic glories, for his hymns  
Of sacrifice; my maidens young in flower,  
Whose glance of pride the hero's bosom fir'd,  
Now his veil'd nuns, in white virginity,  
Dayspring, and prime, and eve, their vows renew'd.

“Fair Banba's care his worshippers suppli'd  
Her season's fruits; whether on upland green  
His mansion stood, <sup>(4)</sup> or in the city throng'd,

Or on the jutland brink its beacon light  
Guided the distant mariner o'er the wave.  
Or in some sacred isle's serene recluse,  
Where in our youth her altars Fohla rais'd  
Unto the stars, and to their queen, the Moon,  
And Sun, their lord, our father's deities:  
Whose kings, though by invading hordes assail'd,  
Unenvious of his reign, large tribute paid  
In kine and flocks, gems, costly silk and gold.  
Such bless'd abodes, e'en by this hand bestow'd,  
They chose for contemplation, <sup>(5)</sup> peace secur'd,  
The nurse of wisdom; whence endu'd, they fetch,  
Wher'er his fire unfed, new burning coals,  
As fame beyond the Rhetian Alps attests,  
South to the Midland Sea; <sup>(6)</sup> till by their works  
Inspir'd, far regions sought the Holy Isle,  
Myriads of thine elect, and there were fed.  
For at my table full I sat them down  
To banquet free, and raiment gave and home  
Thy ministers, where e'en on food divine,  
The hungry fed; whereof thy mouth hath spoke,  
That such, the merit of the just shall be.  
Born in the camp, from childhood, woman's thews

Were bronz'd but not her heart; proudly I quell'd  
Invading foes; but with the world in arms,  
I fought not for men's creeds, but Fatherland:  
I warr'd not between mankind and its Maker:  
Let both look to it; their sects we reck not of.  
Our foes would pledge us Satan's recompense  
For heaven's betrayal; there we scorn the gage;  
For to their loss, the justice of our cause  
Nation with God unites, and well consists;  
And till this war of creeds, by Tudor wag'd,  
No time hath record when on Eire's soil  
Religion shed men's blood. The Christian came,  
The heathen rite still held its worshippers,  
Till by the general voice the idol fell.  
Then for the strife of schools, the vivid pens  
Of Fohla's sages; but in Heaven's dread name,  
Man never slaughter'd man. There is on high  
A sword will guard its own. My people free  
To serve, I fought the Laughlan, many an age,  
On Muma's wealthy plains; on steep Lahane  
And Cluan Tharif's shore. Blackwater's banks  
And Seaghais' hills bear memory how I smote  
The Tudor's lords and serfs; invaders fear'd,

Sheep-clothed prophets scorn'd, who 'gainst His fold  
Outwolf the heathen; but high heaven can witness,  
'Gainst liberty and right my coward sword,  
By sage or hero's arm, was never drawn.

“Whence have I wrong'd or sham'd thy Holy One,  
Just Father of the world! that now the world  
Thinks justice' end fulfill'd in wronging me?  
I gave Him roofs, and on the wintry moor  
My nurselings lodge in the frore winds of night:  
I gave Him bread, and now my sons must earn  
The thistle weed for sweat of daily toil:  
I gave Him lands, and now his faithful Gael,  
Landless for serving Him, his foes must serve;  
And for the faith they bore, fair Banba's Isle,  
Their sires defended, quit before the sword  
Of them that hate Him. Father! from thy seat,  
Thy Son beside thee, look on me and thine;  
He of this breast, whom, like a second mother,  
It nurs'd for thee! Show mercy's face unveil'd,  
That pity's interposing look at last,  
E'en for His sake, remit what justice claims,  
To penitential tears; if such thy will:  
But if in bonds we serve thee, and set free,

Forsake thee; then in bonds we better lie,  
Naked of all life's cheer; but still with thee!"

Thus prayed the mother, dear to him, who knew  
The heart of her affliction for the wrongs  
Her sons for penance bore; nor long delay'd:  
When from an amber-skirted cloud that gloom'd  
Hy Breassail o'er the watery hemisphere,  
A voice she heard: "Woman, upbraid me not!  
Or wouldst thou rend my heart? These works are thine!  
Yea, by thy faith, e'en greater shalt thou do  
And suffer 'mong the nations for my sake:  
Yet was it meet that fratricidal race  
Seasons of penance purge, and fetters bind  
Their bloodstain'd hands in thrall, and harsh rebuke,  
With chastening palms of contradiction long,  
Strike on their froward cheeks, that thou may'st reign."

This heard, on knees of meek thanksgiving bent,  
The suppliant bow'd to earth at Heaven's decree;  
Her crown of seven bright hues, as was her soul,  
Illum'd; which now with added joy was filled,  
When those white arms and eyes to heaven uplift,  
Descending found repose on Fohla's neck,  
Low bent, the bliss to share; who Cherub-like,

In thought submerg'd beheld the scene, unview'd.  
For she between the winds, from climes remote,  
Attendant on the Mother, floated nigh;  
And ere they rose, the transport of her look  
Like sentient marble, sculptur'd in that land  
Where men made gods familiar, soul to soul,  
Met Eire's gaze, who with mute words ador'd.

But Fohla, (in her ear the cloud voice heard  
From heaven still pregnant) on the sea-worn ledge  
Of Arran, from entrancement of the scene,  
First woke, and turn'd to Eire, thus bespake:

"Great is thy God, O Eire! that upheld  
Thee, single in the hundred-handed strife;  
The warfare of endurance, whence the palm,  
None but the godlike bear, and gave thy sons  
Thy cause sustain abroad, with deeds inscrib'd  
In starry tables of enduring light,  
That treasure human fame." She said and straight,  
Queen Eire with her rosy crown arising,  
Gleams like the Titan god through morning's tears  
In April's sky; or Blahma's snowy top.  
When purple ting'd at eve, he looks beyond  
The admiration of his subject hills,

A hundred leagues to west of where they stand;  
And with proud thoughts, her martial soul expressed:

“Sing of the Gael’s new glories, and recall  
Their heroes to my side, that leading forth  
On native fields, the Saxon boor I shew  
What might fierce love imparts. Alarm the chiefs;  
My spear in hand I lift; my glare-eyed steeds  
Are foaming for the battle: from my car  
I hail them o’er the plain—but what?—O say  
Mysterious Heaven! Is that pale vision death?  
Or else my spearman sleeping on his watch  
When hosts are rising? Say, which sleep is this?  
It heaves not in the agonies that trench  
Its harrow’d brow, and such contorted feature,  
On languid members, slumber never laid.  
Behold that face! no hoariness of years,  
Shedding a peaceful torpor o’er decay  
Hath lur’d to sleep: Ah, Fohla, fix thine eyes!  
The rending of the heart depicts it there,  
Burst in the long recital of my wrongs.  
Did not mine ear, amid the darkness, catch  
His dying moans, his penitential sighs,  
In filial tenderness express’d, but deem’d

The tempter's guile? My patience was his bane.

Alas! Thou fearless champion, that didst run  
Beside my car, calling the nations on!

What knight of mighty bone, henceforth shall marshall

My chieftain kings to war? Thou first in arms

To smite th' invader! death in thee, hath seiz'd

The life that thou didst guard; which now disdains

The paltry residue of joyless days,

In evening gloom bereft of one that liv'd

In memories of the morning. Sister wise!

Once did I chide thy tears; but wound so deep:

Who may contain its flood?" But Fohla soft,

Consoling, though with earnest truth replies:

"Breast of the melting snow, that ne'er congeals,  
Though skies be dark! Whence hath thy heart its streams?

For such lifebearing fountain never sprang

From earth's chill veins. The prodigal of heart,

Now limit to embrace the higher good;

And for his loss be comforted, that heaven

May deem its bounty thank'd. For with his sleep,

A change brings o'er thy people the forecast

Of kindlier fortune, which thy god announc'd

In thunder, and forbade lament for him.

For he anow of tears hath caus'd thee shed  
For them that sleep. Was he not first and last,  
Thy false usurper? All thy best of blood,  
His spear consum'd; from Heber, Milad's son,  
And all the mightiest thrones of Tara's kings,  
E'en to Kincora's victor crown that brake  
The Vikings with his Dalgais, when the dread  
Of Denmark was the plague: e'en him he slew.  
What lewd sea rover e'er thy sceptre claim'd,  
But he had back'd with half his pedigrees  
Of factious and deprav'd nobility,  
Mocking thy mother tears? for feudal strife,  
Vain glory, treason, murders, bribes, his sport,  
He liefer had revenge a brother's slight,  
Than vanquish thousands of a foreign foe;  
His evil course corrupting to the brink  
And tribulation of thy piteous fall  
At Cremna's walls, where in one baleful night,  
Thy two great Hughs, at last dissension found,  
And Thou thyself these wounds. Well tim'd he sleeps,  
Lest in contempt of men, just heaven permit  
That liberty, which virtue lends to curb  
Licentious ruling, as in dotage blind,

Or sleep, to kitchen a base appetite  
Among the multitude; till brute excess,  
Within sees its own idol, and becomes  
Itself, the beast of sacrifice." She said,  
But the fond mother in the holy strife  
Of resignation's first approach, abhorr'd  
The freezing change; till inward light restor'd,  
She gaz'd on that harsh brow and murmur'd low:

"Then if this dispensation, I must deem  
A stern reproof to discipline our thoughts  
To truer wisdom,—Oh! Ill-starr'd in birth!  
Though ever leagu'd with treason, lov'd as life;  
Though penitent, they call thee unredeem'd;  
None left to mourn thee; none but Eire's tears.  
Poor soul, begotten of the womb of strife!  
With all thy sins heap'd on thine aged head,  
Because I lov'd thee once, I mourn thee now:  
Would that my life could save thee." Thus her plaint  
Unspeakable, was like the hidden grief  
On dismal coast, when waves desert their caves,  
And leave the sleepless winds in secret moan:  
But Fohla's lowly voice thus whisper'd mild:  
"Now Eire, in submission, leave the dead

To sleep on nature's breast and give thine ear  
The living actions of thy worthier sons;  
Who, with the faithless Stuart, forc'd to fly,  
The Gaulish king in battle chiefly serv'd,  
And fought and prosper'd in the world's great wars,  
Where hosts were nations, and the Gael, though few,  
Preeminent in faith and valour shin'd;  
Whom to their aid, earth's proudest kings would gain,  
Rivals in rich reward. Here Sarsfield reigns,  
Who oft from Lumneach's stubborn walls had scourg'd  
The Netherland; and now at <sup>(7)</sup> Steinkirk meets,  
Leading thy sons, that led the Frank, and heaps  
Defeat sevenfold, with gore to match the tears  
Of woman's wail; again on Roumont's field, <sup>(8)</sup>  
Twice punish'd, the same arm the tyrant flees,  
As wolf the forest fire. More proudly still,  
That Netherland by Landen's <sup>(9)</sup> brook he smote,  
With rout, and spoil of all the bays he wore  
On Boand's sacred stream. O there to see  
The red ranks in the flight of terror strewn,  
The Gael pursuing; the descending sword  
Light on their conquer'd necks with vengeful cries  
In Gaelic tongue, that load the clamorous air!

You'd think great Sarsfield was Fardora's son,  
And Landen on Blackwater's bank was fought  
In glory's days; there loyal death he finds:  
Thy name upon his heart, he bleeds, he cries:  
'O that this blood were for my country shed,'  
Yea, e'en for thee! For every feat in arms  
Or merit through the world, thy sons achieve,  
Thy lessening days of tribulation counts,  
And counts thy Saxon foes. The green and dry  
Pass with the oaks that bare them; but thy sons  
In multitude, with storm-blown seed renew  
Their stems abroad to prosper, and prolong  
Seasons of glory; though the autumn fruit  
And summer pride thereof seem not for thee,  
To branch of blossom. <sup>(10)</sup> Nay the less, for thee.  
Where'er the clash of arms, where'er the field,  
What e'er the cause, thy sons of love and wrath,  
Victorious, lost or won, thy warfare wage.  
E'en for thy name's sake, true to foreign kings  
That favour thee, though foreign graves their lot,  
A Sarsfield, every one, to thee bequeaths  
The homage of his deeds; and to thy foe,  
The fear of thee, and to the world, thy praise. <sup>(11)</sup>

For that male virtue, thy long patience nurs'd,  
In memory cherish'd, gendering on its kind,  
Begot a race, prolific of great souls,  
With names in golden annals writ, to tell  
Too numerous in this ill-seated rock,  
So soon forsaken: Eire, turn thine eyes!  
For hither, Banba's welcome light I see  
Rise in the east, like Pleiad lost, return'd  
To shepherd's gaze: but Oh! how magnified!

“Her form ethereal fire, the light of song,  
She rises from the sea: with herald haste  
Footing the hilly flood, her tresses wild  
Streaming behind her on th' outspeeded blast,  
In flowry ringlets capp'd with golden spar,  
Behold! good tidings on her forehead shine:  
Her woodland harp she bears aloft; she sings  
The battle of the brave.” Thus, Fohla's grace  
With kindly art delay'd with lighter theme,  
The great event, that simple Banba share  
A herald's honours, and the mother's ear  
Receive her triumph with a livelier joy  
From rustic song, than cold philosophy;  
From Banba, once the nursling of her woe,

Now, giver of joy, whom thus the mother greets:

“Season of blooms! how holy are the thoughts  
Thy skies awake, when first thy sunny tears  
O’ergreen the desert heart. Come, fervid bard!  
Breathe in my lips thy passion, and thy life  
Mingle with mine, and taste a mother’s love,  
That winter hath not chill’d.” Thus Eire drinks  
A healing joy; but Banba harp’d and sang:

“Hail ye the land where flocks and shepherds flee  
Their pasture leas before eternal wars,  
That rage beneath the springtide of the moon,  
And fleets thereon that ride! Hail ye the field  
Of Fontenoy <sup>(12)</sup> beside the lingering Scheld,  
Where I, this hour, have seen the dragon fall,  
His thunder silenc’d and his eagles chain’d;  
Chief glory of thy sons. I saw his bulk,  
Enormous in defeat, a crater fire,  
Burst in the east, and with its baneful spray,  
Sprinkle the nations; saw thy vengeful host,  
Trample its burning atoms, when earth’s kings,  
And great ones round their thrones had felt the shock,  
With horror, of his fall. For if the waves  
That billow the swell’d bosom of the main,

Lifted by earthquakes and the senseless winds,  
Should spurn the dungeons of the deep, and dare  
To combat with the mountains; to o'erwhelm  
Their rocky armour, and the crested pines  
Drench in the bottom slime; if adverse gods  
The while, in battle join'd, should bring to aid  
Their tenfold thunder, stor'd for such a rack  
When gods encounter: with such tumult dire,  
Fell the Red Dragon by the lingering Scheld.  
At Fontenoy he lies, where late he belch'd  
Internal fires. His flanks, inferior aids,  
The Austrian, Hanoverian, and the Boor,  
Light wings disdain'd, the Gaulish king, his prey,  
He reckon'd, and from narrow gorge ascending,  
Lighted on earth, in view. Before him blanch'd  
The pride of nations; reckless fear took flight,  
Life's honour, empire, lost: till one great soul,  
Lally, <sup>(13)</sup> though foreign born, thy cradl'd son,  
With the great ones had counsell'd, how to save  
King's honour and their own, with deeper thoughts  
For Eire, how to rend the Dragon's limbs.  
Then instant, with the fiery Gael he flames  
In battle's front: O Clare, now Lunnëach's towers

Forget not! and Thou, Dillon, count the slain!  
This day, your swords the perjur'd faith requite,  
That wears the purple! Dire on battlefield,  
Seem'd hate so dark: I doubt thy god was pleas'd,  
Queen Eire, in thy holy penitence!

"No sulphurous flame they hurl'd, but louder peals  
Than cannon's mouth avenge the women's wail;  
And the bright steel, the hero's better choice,  
Clash'd with the Dragon's teeth: and thus they dealt  
The blows of freedom; which, if dealt at home,  
Had rais'd thy crown and sceptre to the rank  
Of proudest monarchs, and to earth restor'd  
The treasure of thy grand humanity.

"Then, as the falling sun with fiery locks,  
First leans his head upon the ocean's breast,  
And ponders little till the day is done;  
So short a space it took to burst the maw  
Of the Red Dragon! and if tears were found  
On glory's cheek at eve, Brave Dillon slain! (14)  
As long as ocean's pearls with tears compare,  
Or golden memories of the harp recall,  
To bards of light, the chant of hero's fame;  
So long shall Eire's grateful tears, impearl

Her eyes, Great Soul ! at thine and Lally's praise.

“Thus have I seen ; but more have heard, since first,  
Dune of the trinal sepulcher I found, <sup>(15)</sup>  
There sent, where thy chief guardian saints repose :  
And further learn'd, with mute of speech enjoin'd,  
(Bitter constraint, lest joy untimely 'lume  
The dungeon of thy meritorious pain)  
When comes the day, the fratricidal crime,  
By penitential works, in time appeas'd,  
Is expiate ; when all the Gael dispers'd,  
Recall'd, thy rights reclaim, with filial love  
And homage long they paid to foreign kings ;  
In martial strength, thy stolen crown replace,  
And sceptre reinstate on Blahma's height :  
Whither we now repair with penalty  
Remiss, heaven's time and service there abide.”

Thus the wild bard proclaim'd, her eyes askant  
On the false friend laid low ; and Eire's thoughts,  
At length, solution find in latter days,  
Of that mysterious Providence, which gave  
To servile bonds, her kingdom ; marvelling much  
At the resounding lay and martial fire  
Of shepherd-fostering Banba and her lute

Of pastoral scope, so light for rugged war.  
But as she mus'd, behold a wonderous sign!  
A mighty billow of the western tide,  
From bless'd Hy-Brassail, waving its high crest  
Toward Aranmore, a beauteous serpent seem'd,  
And wise, that from the forest cross'd the sea,  
Rolling its azure length and speckl'd folds  
Under a vernal sun; and on the rock,  
As o'er their feet it stream'd, the waters smil'd.  
But quick receding, far from Eire's shore,  
The fell Tribemonster's bones it bare away:  
Whether the house of Lir his bulk receiv'd  
To help embroil more fierce the seething waves,  
Or rest in Tir-na-noge, his penance found,  
They reck'd not; and Queen Eire thus bespake:

“Long have I found, the wisdom of this world,  
In home and realm, that boundless Providence,  
Whose narrow entrance trackless pride disdains;  
Till inward grief calls home the heart to learn,  
How that true friend to serve, and find the way.  
Henceforth my rise, the handmaid of thy will,  
Omnipotent! e'en as my fall hath been:  
And Ye my sons, a mother's words revere!

Unconquer'd Eire lives: revere and learn  
The Union's strength Fardora's son hath taught,  
To prosper 'mid the nations, or to strive.  
Fraternal love is multitude in arms;  
A slayer of hosts, a brother's envy: mark  
The fratricidal crime; what wrath from heaven,  
What chains it forg'd for Miled's warlike race,  
Giv'd by the cunning of a coward foe;  
And hence Fraternal love your motto choose:  
A God of love, our God, deserve of Him  
A brother's friendship and a father's care.  
Ye tribal kings! Ye hoary enmities!  
Now born again, renounce the ills of eld,  
And with new life, a holier strife prolong;  
With rival honours man the public weal  
To Union's godlike power! Eire still lives  
To claim her righteous throne, and claim the hearts  
Of true born sons; and hence let Eire's name  
Each Gaelic soul with brother's love inspire."

She spake, the scene is chang'd, the winds are fall'n;  
With frothy mouths, the sea wolves cease to howl;  
The demons of the air no longer brood  
The evil blasts that blight earth's fruit, and sow

The seeds of malice. Fohla now appears  
As if a nation in far sight she view'd.  
The light and thought of Eire's life and reign,  
Was Fohla of the sunny breast and brow :  
Banba, the goddess of the fruit and flower,  
Of both belov'd, a beauty ever young,  
Completes the group and blush with lily blends.

Now the white-bosom'd sisters of the Rock,  
With scorn of prison bonds, in pride of place  
Howe'er exalted, freedom's level plain  
Revisit, where the fiend is lighter arm'd  
For battle; and where virtue hath more friends;  
And as an April passing cloud, in sport  
Unbraids a snow shower; so in sport they glide,  
Hands joining, with no timid steps, beyond  
The skyward brink, and with a bound amaze  
The witless storms. The light of their descent,  
Lir's children turn'd to swans, might picture fair,  
When from the freezing coast, in darkling flight  
To rest on Ocean's slumbering billow, flash'd  
Their wings of virgin white, ere dawn was gray,  
And silence on the raging Moyle sat still:  
Long ere his watch old Ocean was arous'd,

Taking their lustre for the morning star.  
So joyous was the leap from Arranmore  
And Saxon bonds. The setting sun was veil'd,  
While hand in hand, three sister queens advanc'd  
Over the level marble of the deep,  
Fairest that eve or morn e'er smiled upon.  
Hy-Brassail was his bower, his beacon glance  
Burst from a cloud of purple fringe and gold  
To the transfigur'd top of Blahma's height,  
And sate on Eire's throne. Thither they fared,  
In rest and hope, to bide her destin'd reign.

Meanwhile, the Cappadocian Youth, Saint George,  
On Albion's banner fam'd, as once of old,  
Before th' imperial tyrant, arm'd he stood,  
In righteousness; now fill'd with Eire's cause,  
Before the golden and the emerald stars,  
Stands eminent, and to the earth born hosts  
Of spirits in judgment, and descending angels,  
(Such joy in heaven, a soul repentant moves)  
Under a gazing universe began:

"Fruits worthy of penance have they borne. Ye Powers!  
How wise to judge, that victory in arms,  
To faith outlaw'd and militant were due;

To nerve resolve with double fortitude,  
That scorns the tyrant, and subverts his ways,  
In the long struggle, lest it perish whole.  
Now, of that victory in arms propos'd,  
The sequel, ere the action, here we find:  
The faith at home survives; but faith exil'd,  
Behold the fruits its wide dispersion reaps!  
And gaze with me, through parted mists, the scenes,  
The godly son of Calpruin here unfolds;  
Keenest of seërs in the future days  
Of the great Fold he gather'd, and adjudge  
The cause of Eire by the suffrage free  
Of arbitrating heaven. Behold on earth,  
The altar and the victim sacrifice;  
Taste, as in heaven, the incense offering,  
And hark the joy bells from the earth; the hymns,  
That voice the solemn temples. Turn your gaze  
On regions and their zones, with islands fring'd,  
Where they rebuilt His house, and left enshrin'd  
Their names and ashes: empires of the deep,  
Aurora or Vesper, new discover'd climes,  
With sovereign wealth and liberty endow'd.  
For with their wandering feet, where e'er they face,

God's kingdom comes, and there his temples rise,  
With spiritual dominion to enfold  
The infidel and heathen; and where'er  
In war or peace they bide, the prime of man  
They bring that nation, with an inborn light,  
God's service with man's freedom to uphold."

Thus spake the Red Cross Knight and guardian Saint  
Of Albion's Isle, and all the powers approve,  
And hence conclude: Blackwater's coming strife  
The future years involves, Fardora's son  
The victor, with the tribal host he leagues:  
For God found love in many, but in them,  
Love's constancy; and last, their doom fulfil'd,  
Their wandering steps recalls, and seats at home,  
Gadelas' sons with Eire's reign in peace.

And here behold the power, the excellence  
Of heavenly beings: let our minds retrace  
From whence we wander'd, and the depths survey,  
Of separation; years, thrice fifty summ'd:  
What argument in bardic flight to tell  
What, in a moment, their pure light disclos'd.  
To them, at Yellow ford, not yet had peal'd  
The war shout, soon to voice the distant years;

No banners wav'd, no gory feast was spread:  
The vulture's food not yet had gather'd there.  
The fallen great unwept, the deeds of fame  
Unsung, and yet, the heart of time laid bare.  
\* Thus, in the vision of God, his saints elect  
Can, at one view, ages to come behold,  
As pass'd, predestin'd none, their works foreseen;  
And generations, as the dead of old,  
To judgment bring, and what they will is fate.  
The moment pass'd, the umpire saints forsaking  
The gold and emerald pavements of their courts,  
Justice and penitence approv'd, depart  
With joy, to habit where their mansions stood,  
Built by heaven's Architect in stones that emblem  
The everlasting of their massy light.

Their march triumphant on the starry track,  
Pass'd many luminous worlds, from Cygnus' feet  
To Vega's sphere melodious, or the coast  
Of Altair, where the bless'd Antinöus dwells;  
Where other beings may habit, who, as man,  
Haply had never sinn'd, worthy to hear  
The music of celestial lays they sang.  
Then last, before the threshold gate, they pray'd,

Ere entrance due; "Father of every soul!  
Warring on earth, or in thy mansions crown'd,  
Accept our ministry of judgment given  
In Eire's right, with earnest suffrage join'd,  
And visitation of protecting care  
Over the vine, which Calpruin's godly son  
There planted, and with martyr's blood refresh'd  
In unpropitious years: and both our hosts,  
We pray, its guardians set; lest further wrong  
Or fear desertion cause; or freedom's boon,  
Ill us'd, its precious fruit in time neglect;  
Or moral lack discard, or pride disdain."

Thus, spirits of light, earth born, their mission clos'd,  
With morning's star, reenter heaven's repose.

# Notes.

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1. And now thy vitals tear: "Nothing civil or sacred escaped the fury of these (the early English) commanders; churches and religious houses were plundered and destroyed without mercy and distinction; murders, rapes, tyranny, and the most unconscionable oppressions, were the recreation of these foreigners, who, without remorse or regret, confounded everything, human and divine, and made the island a most deplorable scene of bloodshed and misery. The Earl of Strangwell (Strongbow), Robert Fitz Stephen, Hugo de Lacy, John de Courcy, and William Aldelmel were severe instruments in the hands of Providence to chastise the divided natives; . . . But divine vengeance, notwithstanding they raged with impunity, fixed a mark of infamy upon the families of these plunderers, for scarce a man of them left a son behind him to enjoy the effects of their father's oppression; as Stanihurst expressly testifies of the Earl of Strangwell, who, after he had committed inexpressible outrages upon the natives, ravaged and destroyed churches and monasteries, and expelled the clergy, regular and secular without distinction, died miserably at Dublin, in the year of Christ 1177, after a tyranny of seven years from his first landing in the country." *Keating Hist.*

"De Courcy rapidly overran Ulidia, overthrew the allied troops, slew the Fermanagh chieftain, then marched

against Armagh . . . which he assailed, stormed, pillaged and burned."

"Meanwhile, the English of Munster continued to devastate the country of Desmond from the river Shannon to the Eastern sea." *The Abbe MacGeoghegan, Hist. ch. XIX.*

"The progress of the British armies in Ulster, as well as in the other provinces of the kingdom, was ruinous to the churches and monasteries of the country. . . . And now various literary works, which had escaped the ravages of the merciless Danes, were destroyed in the libraries of the monks." *Stuart's Armagh, p. 160-3.*

"The end will, I assure me, be very short and much sooner than can be in so great a trouble as it seemeth hoped for, although there should none of them fall by the sword, nor be slain by the soldier, yet thus being kept from manurance, and their cattle from running abroad, by this hard restraint, they would quickly consume themselves and devour one another. The proof whereof I saw sufficiently exemplified in these late wars of Munster; for, notwithstanding that the same was a most rich and plentiful country, full of corn and cattle, that you would have thought they should have been able to stand long, yet ere one year and a half they were brought to such wretchedness, as that any stony heart would have rued the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glens they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death, they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves, they did eat the dead carrions, happy where they could thus find them, yea, and one another soon after, insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves; and if they found a plot of watercresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able long to continue there

withal; that, in short space, there were none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country suddenly left void of man and beast; yet sure in all that war, there perished not many by the sword, but all by the extremity of famine, which they themselves had wrought.”

“Therefore by all means it must be foreseen and assured, that after once entering into this of reformation, there be afterwards no remorse nor drawing back from the sight of any such rueful objects as must thereupon follow, nor for compassion of their calamities; seeing that by no other means is it possible to cure them, and that these are not of will, but of very urgent necessity.” *A View of the State of Ireland, by Edmund Spencer, author of “The Faerie Queen.”*

“The English nation was shuddering over the atrocities of the Duke of Alva. The children in the nurseries were being inflamed to patriotic rage and madness by the tales of the Spanish tyranny. Yet Alva’s bloody sword never touched the young, the defenceless, or those whose sex even dogs can recognize and respect.”

“Sir Peter Carew has been murdering women and children, and babies that had scarcely left the breast, but Sir Peter Carew was not called on to answer for his conduct, and remained in favour with the Deputy. Gilbert, who was left in command at Kilmallock, was illustrating yet more signally the same tendency. . . . He regarded himself as dealing rather with savage beasts than with human beings, and when he tracked them to their dens, he strangled the cubs and rooted out the entire broods.”

“The Gilbert method of treatment (in the time of Elizabeth), had this disadvantage, that it must be carried out to the last extremity, or it ought not be tried at all. The dead do not come back; and if the mothers and the babes are slaughtered with the men, the race gives no further trouble; but the work must be done thoroughly; partial

and fitful cruelty lays up only a long debt of deserved and ever deepening hate." *Froude, Hist. Eng., vol. X, p. 507-12.*

2. Crom Cruah: "The great Idol of Milesian pagan worship, the Delphos of our Gadelian ancestors, from the time of their first coming into Erin until the destruction of the idol by St. Patrick." *O'Curry, M. S. Materials, p. 103.*

"King Tiernmas, with three parts of his subjects perished, by the judgment of heaven, at Moy Slaght upon the eve of the festival of Samhuin as he was worshipping his idol Crom Cruah, the same god that Zoroaster adored in Greece. The Irish antiquarians agree, that Tiernmas was the first that introduced idolatry, and erected pagan altars in the island, about a hundred years after the Milesians arrived in the country." *Keating, Hist. Ire. Dr. Charles O'Connor, Prol., part 1, p. 22. O'Flaherty, Ogygia, part 3, p. 194.*

"Patrick after that went over the water to Magh Slecht, where stood the chief Idol of Eirin, *i. e.*, Cenn Cruaich, ornamented with gold and with silver, and twelve other idols ornamented with brass around him. . . . And he called upon all the people cum rege Leaghuire; they it was that adored the idol. And all the people saw him (*i. e.*, the demon), and they dreaded their dying if Patrick had not sent him to Hell." *O'Curry, M. S. Materials, p. 539.*

3. In Fohla's ancient code: "In one of Claudian's poems, Britain, personified as Britannia, speaks of Stilico, the Roman general, protecting her from neighbouring nations when the Scots moved all Ierne, and the sea foamed

with hostile oars." *O'Curry. Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish. vol. 1. p. 14.*

"In the fifth campaign, Agricola, crossing over in the first ship, subdued, by frequent and successful engagements, several nations, till then unknown; and stationed troops in that part of Britain which is opposite to Ireland, rather with a view to future advantage, than from any apprehension of danger from that quarter. For the possession of Ireland, situated between Britain and Spain, and lying commodiously to the Gallic sea, would have formed a very beneficial connection between the most powerful parts of the empire. This Island is less than Britain, but larger than those of our sea. Its soil, climate, and the manners and dispositions of its inhabitants, are little different from those of Britain. *Its ports and harbours, from the concourse of merchants for the purpose of commerce, are better known.*" *Tacitus. "Vita Agricolaë." ch. 24.*

4. His mansion stood: "The public schools, namely, Bangor, Ardmach, Lismore, Ros Ailithir, otherwise Ros Carbery, Clonard, etc." *MacGeoghegan, Hist. Ire. ch. XII.*

"We know that multitudes of students flocked to the college of Lismore, from all parts of Europe. Even so early as the time of the famous Irish scholar Catald, its reputation is believed to have been firmly established. That philosopher presided over the academy; and from the classic lines written by Bonaventura Moronus, a Tarentine by birth, we learn that multitudes from all the nations who inhabited the borders of the Rhine and Elbe; that the Teutonici, the people of Guelderland, the Bohemians, the Arverni, the Batavians, as well as the Genevese, the Helvetians, the Scottish Islanders, etc., flocked to Lismore to

study under Catald." *Stuart Hist. Armagh, XLVIII. Intro.*

5. They chose for contemplation: "There were then in Ireland many nobles and gentry from among the English, who, in the time of bishop Finan and Colmanus, having withdrawn themselves thither, either for the sake of divine study or to live more chaste lives, some gave themselves up to a monastic life, and others attended in the monasteries to hear the professors. All of them the Scots most freely admitted, and supplied them gratis with daily sustenance, with books and masters." *Bede's Church Hist. b. 3. ch. 27.*

6. South to the Midland Sea: "That the Hibernians were lovers of learning, and distinguished themselves, in those days of ignorance, by the culture of the sciences, beyond all European nations, travelling the most distant lands with a view to improve and communicate their knowledge, is a fact with which I have been long acquainted, as we see them in the most authentic records of antiquity, discharging with the highest reputation and applause, the functions of doctors in France, Germany and Italy, both in this and the following century. But that these Hibernians were the first teachers of Scholastic theology in Europe, and so early as the eighth century, illustrated the doctrine of religion by philosophy, I learned but lately, from the testimony of Benedict, abbot of Aniam, in the province of Languedoc. who lived in that period." *Moshen, quoted by Ledwich.*

"The disciples of Patrick made so great a progress in Christianity, that, in the following age, Ireland was called the Island of Saints; and none could be more holy and learned than the Irish monks, both in their own country

and Britain, who sent swarms of most holy men into all Europe. To them, Luxovium, in Burgundy, Bohiense in Italy, Hornipolis in Franconia, S. Gallus in Helvetia, Malmesburia in Lindefarm, and many other monasteries in Britain owe their origin. The following saints were from Ireland: Celius Sedulius, Maidulphus, Brendanus, and many others, who were renowned for sanctity and learning." *Camden*, p. 730.

"There came a certain man from the Western boundaries of the world, powerful in virtue, filled with divine love acute and fervent—he came to thee, O happy France, in the time of King Pepin: fruitful Britain was his mother, but learned Ireland nurtured him in sacred study; his name was Willibrordus." *Usher's Syllogisms*.

"The holy youth, desirous to rival their religious avocations, with the consent of his abbot and brethren, speedily proceeds to Ireland. There, during twelve years, he was taught among the most pious and religious masters, that he would become a preacher to many people." *Alcuin, Life of Willibrordus*.

"The blessed Petrocus was from the county of Cumberland, being the son of a King. . . . He, however, slighted the pomp of royalty, and taking with him sixty companions, entered a monastery, where he took the habit of the order. In some years after this, proceeding to Ireland, he spent twenty years in the study of the Scriptures and sacred discipline. . . . A treasure was found at length by so assiduous a regard for study, which lest it should lie hidden, the finder transferred this Irish treasure to Cumberland, that he might exhibit it to the view of all." *Usher. ch. 14, p. 563*.

7. Steinkirk: "Of the conduct of the Irish in this dashing affair, the French account says—"The Guards of

the King of England (James the II.), and the Irish regiments, have very much signalized themselves there.'” *O’Callaghan, Hist. of the Irish Brigades in the Service of France.* p. 166.

“The battle was long and bloody, and was finished by a splendid charge of French cavalry, among the foremost of whose leaders was the same glorious Sarsfield, whose sword had once before driven back the same William from before the walls of Limirick.” *Mitchel, MacGoeghegan continued,* p. 10.

8. Roumont’s field: *see O’Callaghan, p. 168.*

9. Landen: “The principal event in 1693, of the war in Flanders, was the battle of Landen, otherwise Neerwinden, or Neerhespen, fought, June 29th, between the Marshal Duke of Luxembourg and William III. The force of the Marshal amounted to 96 battalions, 210 squadrons, and 70 pieces of cannon. The force of the King amounted to 65 battalions, 150 squadrons, and 80 pieces of cannon, besides mortars, or howitzers. . . . At last in that part of the field where the brigade at Harbouville was appointed to act, the Irish ‘Gardes du Roi Jacques,’ distinguished as in their own country against Ginkell and his allied force at Aughrim, and duly animated by the signal intrepidity of Colonel Barrett as a leader, obtained a glorious revenge for the reverses of the Boyne and Limirick, by being the first corps to make an opening into the Williamite intrenchment, through which their French companions in arms followed,—this honourable success, however, having been purchased by the death of the brave Colonel Barrett.” *O’Callaghan, Irish Brig., p. 171.*

“At length the flying army of William arrived at the little river Cette; and here the retreat was in danger of

becoming a total rout. Arms and standards were flung away, and multitudes of fugitives were choking up the fords and bridge of the river, or perishing in its waters, so fiercely did the victors press upon their rear. It was here that Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, who had that day, as well as at Steinkirk, earned the admiration of the whole French army, received his death-shot at the head of his men. It was a happy moment. Before he fell, he could see the standards of England swept along by the tide of headlong flight, or trailing in the muddy waters of the Cotte—he could see the scarlet ranks that he had once hurled back from the ramparts of Limirick, now rent and riven, fast falling in their wild flight, while there was sent pealing after them the vengeful shout, ‘Remember Limirick!’ *Mitchel. MacGeoghegan, continued, p. 12.*

10. To branch or blossom: “Charles II, the last King of Spain of the Austrian line, deceased in November, 1700, having by his will, nominated, as heir to his dominions, Philip, Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV, in order that, through the aid of France, the Spanish monarchy might be preserved from the dismemberment with which it was menaced, Louis, by accepting this will, gave rise to the confederacy against him, between the House of Austria, England, Holland, and other powers, which occasioned the long and sanguinary contest, known as the ‘War of the Spanish Succession.’ The first hostilities occurred in Italy, in 1701, between the Imperialists, under the illustrious Prince Eugene, and the French, Spanish and Piedmontese forces, under Victor Amadeus II, Duke of Savoy (then allied with France), and the Marshal de Catinat. . . . The first great military occurrence in Italy, in 1702, was the celebrated enterprise against Cremona by Prince Eugene. . . . The Whig writer, Forman, remarking of the affair of Cremona, ‘that the Irish performed there the most important piece of service for Louis

XIV, that, perhaps, any King of France ever received from so small a body of men, since the foundation of that monarchy,' adds—"This action of the Irish, by an impartial way of reasoning, saved the whole French army in Italy; the destruction of which, according to the account itself, as well as the opinion of all military men, must have been the infallible consequence of the loss of Cremona. It was also thought in England, to have so much influence over the affairs of Europe, as they stood at that time, that, as I have been informed, a Member of the House of Commons, upon the arrival of the news, said in Parliament, that those two regiments had done more mischief to the High Allies, than all the Irish abroad could have done, had they been kept at home, and left in the entire possession of their estates. . . . 'Had they done nothing else,' concludes Forman, 'this one action would alone be sufficient to eternize them.'" *O'Callaghan Irish Brigades*, p. 195-216.

11. And to the world, thy praise: "'Almanza was the most fatal blow,' says an English contemporary, 'that ever the English received, during the whole war with Spain;' and adds another, 'as fatal in itself, and its consequences to the Allies in Spain, as the battle of Blenheim, or that of Turin, was to the French, in Germany, and Italy.' . . . Count O'Mahony is named with the 'General Officers distinguished there, as having contributed to that victory, by movements duly executed.' And of the Count and his regiment more particularly, 'at the battle of Almanza,' relates the Chevalier de Bellerive, 'he performed, at the head of his Irish regiment of Dragoons, astonishing actions.'" *O'Callaghan*. p. 247-8.

"Nor was it till repeatedly charged by the elite of Berwick's army, including the Irish, that they were forced to retreat; 3,000 killed, 10,000 prisoners, and 120 standards,

attested the magnitude of the victory. It put King Philip V on the throne of Spain. In the siege of Barcelona, Dillon's regiment fought with great effect." *Mitchel's Mac-Geoghegan, continued*, p. 33-4.

"It was not alone in the French service that our military exiles won renown. The O'Donnells, O'Neills, and O'Reillys, with the relics of their Ulster clans, preferred to fight under the Spanish flag; and in the war of the 'Spanish Succession,' Spain had five Irish regiments in her army; whose commanders were O'Reillys, O'Garas, Lacys, Wogans, and Lawlesses. . . . For several generations a succession of Irish soldiers of rank and distinction were always to be found under the Spanish standard; and in that kingdom, those who had been chiefs in their own land were always recognized as 'Grandeess,' the equals of the proudest nobles of Castile. Hence the many noble families of Irish race and name still to be found in Spain at this day." *Ibid.*, p. 34.

12. Fontenoy: "King George II, like his predecessor, had adhered to the 'Pragmatic Sanction,' that favourite of the Austrian Emperor Charles VI, for securing the succession of the possessions of the House of Austria to the Archduchess Marie Theresa, Queen of Hungary. On the 20th of October, 1740, the Emperor Charles died, and all Europe was almost immediately plunged into general war . . . and King George II, with his son, the Duke of Cumberland, had gone over to take command of the British and Hanoverian troops, operating on the French frontier, while Central Germany was fiercely debated between the Empress Queen, allied with England, and Frederick of Prussia allied with France. . . . In this year 1744, however, great preparations were made on both sides for a decisive campaign. The French army was increased in the Netherlands, and on the other side the English court had

at length prevailed on the States-General of Holland to join the alliance against France. In September of that year, the allies, then in camp at Spire, were reinforced by 20,000 Dutch, who were time enough, unluckily for them, to take a share in the great and crowning battle of Fontenoy." *Mitchel's McGeoghegan*, p. 61-3.

13. Lally: "His father was Sir Gerard Lally (properly O'Mullally), of Tullindale; and had been one of the defenders of Limirick, and one of those who volunteered for France with Sarsfield. Sir Gerard became immediately an officer in the French service, and his son, the Count Lally, was born at Romans, in Dauphine when his father was there in garrison." *Ibid.* p. 63.

14. Dillon slain: "It cost the Irish Brigade dear. The gallant Dillon was killed, with one-fourth of the officers and one-third of the rank and file; but the immediate consequences to France were immense—Tournay at once surrendered; Ghent, Oudenarde, Bruges, Dendermonde, Ostend, were taken in quick succession; and the English and their allies driven back behind the swamps and canals of Holland. None of all the French victories in that age caused in Paris such a tumult of joy and exultation. In England there were lamentation, and wrath, and court-martial. . . . In Ireland, as the news came in, first, of the British defeat, and then, gradually, of the glorious achievements of the brigade and the honours paid to Irish soldiers, a sudden but silent flush of triumph and hope broke upon the oppressed race; and many a gloomy countenance brightened with a gleam of stern joy, in the thought **that the long-mourned 'Wild-geese' would one day return, with freedom and vengeance in the flash of the bayonets of Fontenoy.**" *Mitchel's Life of Hugh O'Neill*, p. 63.

## 15. Dune of the trinal sepulcher:

Downpatrick. "Few towns in this kingdom can boast of a foundation more ancient. It is generally supposed to be the Dunum mentioned by Ptolemy; and though now possessing few traces of its former magnificence, it is represented by the early annalists as a place of considerable importance, distinguished by the number and splendour of its monastic establishments. . . . The monastery was erected in the fifth century by St. Patrick, on a hill called Dun, granted to him for that purpose by the chieftain of the Dal-dichu, who had become a Christian; and here, in 493, was interred the body of its founder, who closed his labours in the Abbey of Saul, at the patriarchal age of 120." *Dublin Penny Journal*. Quoted by J. B. Doule. *Antiq. and scen. North of Ire.*

"According to the Annals of Ulster, Dermot, Abbot of Iona, came to Ireland A.D. 851, with the rich shrine containing the remains of relics of Columkille, which were buried in Downpatrick, along with those of St. Patrick and St. Bridget.

"The cathedral of Downpatrick was, for many centuries, decorated with the beautiful marble statues of the three saints, but in the reign of Henry VIII., A.D. 1538, the lord deputy, Leonard Grey, having invaded Ulster, plundered and burned the town and cathedral of Downpatrick; and he and his barbarous soldiers broke and defaced the statues of SS. Patrick, Bridget, and Columbille." *Connellan's Four Masters*, p. 96. n.





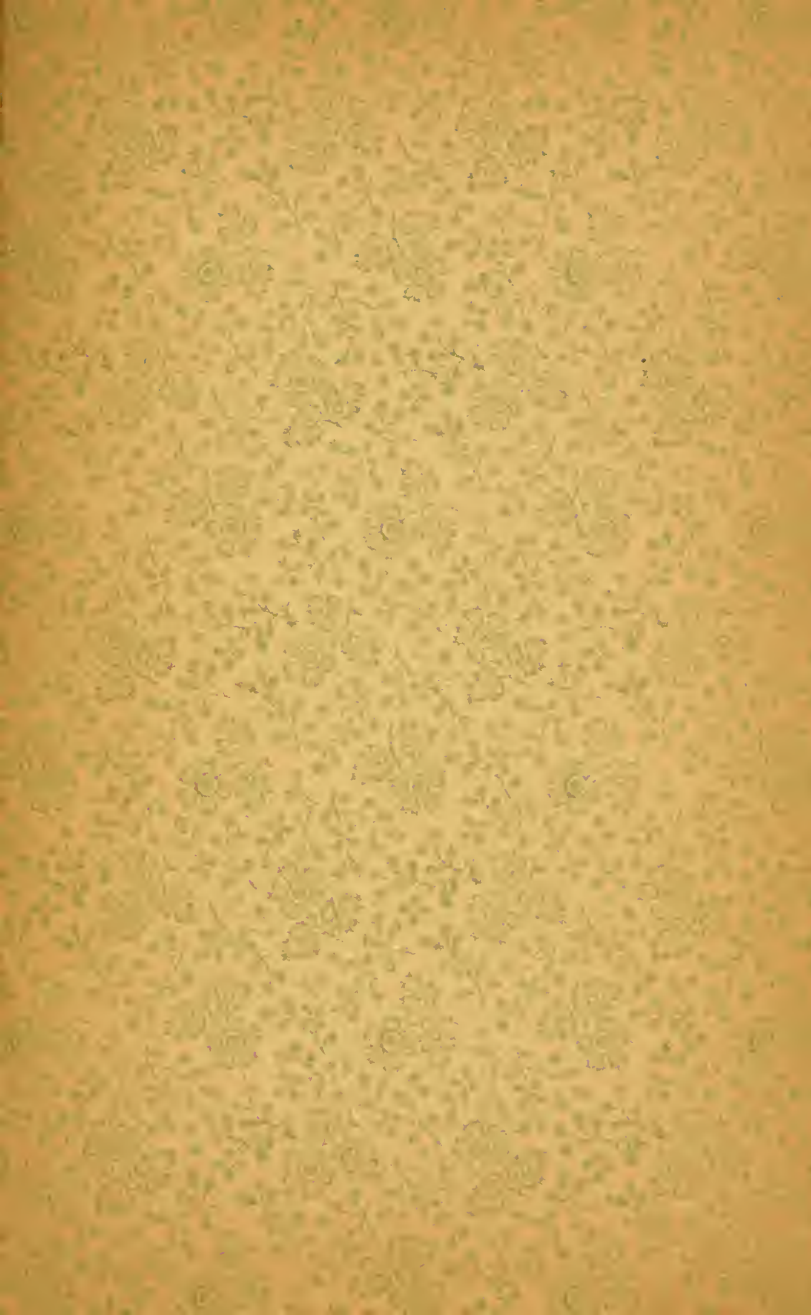




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